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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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SASKATCHEWAN and Ontario have shown their dislike of something in no uncertain manner, although whether that something was the depression or their respective Co-operative and Conservative governments is not so clear. It is at least evident that the electors did not declare themselves in favour of an alternative and positive policy of reform in their general 'swing to the left'. This is especially true of Ontario, where the result of the election was in this sense negative; and we say this irrespective of whether Mr. Hepburn is intent upon launching upon a programme of far-reaching reform or not. The prospects for a period of progressive government in Ontario are not unfavourable—and it is encouraging to note an appreciation in the calibre of the members of the legislature—but surely people have a right to know something about the band-wagon upon which they contemplate jumping.

* * *

WHATEVER their policies may be, the Liberals in Saskatchewan and Ontario have gained 49 out of 54 and 70 out of 90 seats respectively. Comparing these results with the actual polling, it is abundantly apparent that a system of alternative voting is more than necessary. A strictly proportional result in Saskatchewan would have given the Liberals 25 seats, the Conservatives 15, the C.C.F. 13, and the Independents 1; in Ontario, the Liberals would have gained 42 seats, the Conservatives 36, the C.C.F. 7, and the Independents 5. The aspect of the elections of most general interest and the source of most speculation, however, is the progress of the C.C.F. In Saskatchewan, as in B.C., the third party has become the official opposition, although an attenuated one. Their failure in Ontario is more apparent than real, as the full election figures show. Out of a total of approximately a million and a quarter polled votes, the C.C.F. received over 100,000, although they only gained one seat. Considering that their central office expenses, we are told on reliable authority, amounted to less than eighty dollars, and that many possible supporters voted Liberal not because they liked the C.C.F. less but because they hated Henry more, the third party's progress in Ontario is perhaps more significant than in Saskatchewan; this also indicates the approaching end of the hitherto effective policy of declaring no policy. The effect upon their general

prestige, however, of their solitary Ontario seat is a reflection upon the strategy of contesting the election without a leader and without the definite expression of readiness to assume power. It is nevertheless clear that the C.C.F. will remain a factor in the political situation and that the future of the Liberal governments elected will depend upon their conduct while they hold power. With the Conservatives to the right of them and the C.C.F. to the left, they are still faced with the possibility of becoming the official conservative party, especially as the bulk of their newly-gained support comes from conservative sources. Thus, apart from their present triumphs, their future will depend upon which side of the fence they determine to jump while they hold office.

* * *

MANY unsuspected and unsuspecting allies are to be found in the ranks of those who see in the establishment of a dictatorship the cure for the ills of the country or for their own political indecision. Professor Stephen Leacock's plea before the meeting of the Canadian Historical Association for 'A Man' marks him as one of the first recruits from academic fields, where it has generally been recognized that enduring institutions are more important than ephemeral human beings. The great majority of those taking issue with Professor Leacock are those who are prepared to defend democratic institutions to the last and whose dying breath will be a soft benediction on the constitution. The unfortunate part of this is that despite their professed intentions of remaining on the side of the angels and other democrats, they are in reality creating the conditions which have always preceded the developments they so much dread.

* * *

THE reform of the constitution and of constitutional machinery smacks too much of dry legalities to make it an effective political appeal. But no programme of social reform can be considered realistic unless it shows at once a willingness to eliminate the deadwood of this obstacle and a realization of the speciousness of short-cuts. At the same time Premier Pattullo's mysterious and apparently successful visit to Ottawa in search of funds, as well as the threat of the Federal Government to discontinue relief subsidies at a date sus-

piciously close to two provincial elections, point to the crying need for a revision of the system of subsidies, and a balancing of accounts between the Dominion and the provinces which should provide a first class excuse for a simultaneous readjustment of powers. The incubus of the Senate would presumably be removed entirely by the C.C.F., but other parties have not divulged their intentions towards that body. Of equal importance, however, is the question of parliamentary procedure. Mr. Bennett has effected some changes in this by his own peculiar method of resorting to orders-in-council on as many occasions as possible, and there has been a praiseworthy degree of delegation of the work of the House to special committees. But, if reforms are to be brought about on a democratic basis, it is essential that there should be a more thorough-going and coherent revision of parliamentary machinery, together with an enlargement of the expert civil service. Parliamentary institutions do not enjoy so much prestige today that they can afford to lay themselves open to charges of inefficiency. But it is just at this point that most of our democrats boggle. Liberals, who pride themselves on their anti-fascist sentiments, do not seem willing to abandon the inessentials of parliamentary procedure so that the essentials may be preserved. The C.C.F., whose programme will presumably involve a vast amount of legislation, would be well-advised to present a plank of parliamentary reform which would make the enactment of that legislation possible. It is these tendencies towards constitutional romanticism which will provide Professor Leacock with the bulk of his support, and one may well ask, who are the real fascists?

* * *

MR. BEATTY'S continued campaign for the unification of the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. serves two purposes. The first is to dispel any lingering doubts as to the efficacy of competition between the railways either as a protection of the public interest or as a stimulus to the lines themselves. The second is to discredit public operation so that the logical amalgamation will take place under private auspices. Mr. Beatty's estimate of seventy-five millions of dollars a year as the savings which could be effected under amalgamation is probably optimistic; its realization certainly could not be achieved within a period of several years. Nevertheless, the potential savings of joint operation indicate that we are at present paying a high price for the retention of an outmoded principle or for the privilege of procrastination in facing an issue, especially when public and railway finances are in their present condition. But positive action is being shunned while, to quote Mr. Beatty, 'the policy of compulsory co-operation . . . offers little promise of substantial relief.' In any case, how can co-operation succeed when the forceful ambitions of the C.P.R. must have the result of pushing the brunt of the economies on to the shoulders of the public railroad, and the Arbitral Tribunal provided for under the Railway Act, which might offset this, has not yet been invoked.

BUT if there is to be amalgamation of the railways—and the force of economic circumstances will not permit the evasion of the issue much longer—it is impossible to agree with Mr. Beatty's rejection of public ownership. In fact, it is difficult to see how the development could take place under any other auspices. The mere importance of transportation in Canada would indicate this, but the attendant problems of finance and labour make it more imperative. No such move could be undertaken without bond guarantees and interest reductions with which only the Government can properly deal. Furthermore, a large proportion of the anticipated savings must come from labour costs which assume a prominent position in the railway economy. The necessary provision of schemes for shortening hours and securing the re-absorption of the discharged are scarcely within the scope of a private company, the interests of whose shareholders would dictate the policy of throwing the eliminated labour back on the State for relief. To emphasize, however, the necessity of public ownership in the future is not to deny the extravagances of the C.N.R. in the past. The present Railway Act, in failing to implement the recommendations of the Duff Commission that Senators and Members of Parliament should be ineligible for the Board of Trustees, and that further appointments should be chosen from a panel submitted by the acting members of the Board, leaves a loop-hole for sectional pressure which must be closed before there can be any rational solution of the railway problem.

* * *

FOR conservatism unrelieved by enlightenment the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has generally held its own. But to issue a pronouncement in opposition to the principle of collective bargaining and against the imposition of general minimum wage standards at the present juncture and in the face of the cumulative series of disclosures made before the Stevens' Committee indicates a pathetic unwillingness to face the facts of the situation. It is not as if the Committee's findings can be swept aside as solitary instances of malpractice, especially of infraction of minimum wage laws, which have apparently been ignored on a large scale. There is a definite obstacle in the refusal of the Quebec provincial authorities to enforce as high standards upon their industries as have been imposed upon competitors in Ontario, and this cannot be solved until there has been a revision of the constitution. But, beyond this, it is quite apparent that any minimum wage legislation is difficult to enforce without the support of employees' organizations, and that, if it is enforced, minimum standards tend to become maximum ones. The experience of the United States under the 'blanket code' is only one illustration of this. It is inconceivable that the Canadian Government will fail to take some positive measures for the ensurance of some decency in the living standards of workers, if indeed public opinion has any meaning. This can be done with or without the co-operation of organized industry.

Some industries have already shown an appreciation of the incoming tide and have offered schemes of reorganization, but the Canadian Manufacturers' Association would apparently take an adamant stand in favour of being swamped. At any rate they have nailed their colours to the mast.

* * *

AS Sir Norman Angell has said, peace can only be purchased at a price; likewise any foreign policy levies its costs, and Canadians would do well at this juncture to ponder those involved in the various alternatives facing this country, which are so clearly stated by Mr. Escott Reid elsewhere in this issue of the *FORUM*. From Mr. Bennett's statement at the recent Ottawa meeting of the League of Nations Society in Canada, as well as from various parliamentary statements reported in the press but expunged from *Hansard*, it is apparent that the foreign policy of the Government is that of following the ineffective drift of the National Government in Great Britain. Those who shrink from the more drastic alternatives presented by Mr. Reid can scarcely claim that this policy will be the 'cheapest'. Apart from the fact that it must reap its inevitable reward of war, the interim costs of an imperial defensive alliance cannot be disregarded. To quote the *Round Table*:

If . . . as seems probable, there is likely to be rearmament of some of the great Powers, then, in spite of any limitation there may be, defence will once more become a major imperial preoccupation. Is each part of the Commonwealth prepared to defend itself, or are they all to co-operate in a common scheme of imperial defence? If the latter course is adopted, how is defence policy to be formulated and co-ordinated and how is its cost to be distributed?

But imperial defence is no longer the relatively simple task of relying on the British navy, as in pre-War days. British naval supremacy is now a matter of history. Furthermore, British defence forces (granting for the moment that, in modern warfare, such a thing as a strictly *defence* force exists), with Europe in its present state, will have to be concentrated in that area. Today the nations of the Commonwealth will have to look to their own needs. In other words, Australia and Canada, for instance, must be prepared to cope with a Japanese navy which is building towards parity with Great Britain and the United States. Again, there is the not impossible eventuality that, if war breaks out between Japan and Russia, Great Britain and the United States would find themselves on opposite sides of the issue. In that case, what would, or could, this country do towards carrying out the terms of an imperial defensive alliance?

* * *

IF for no other reason, it is this virtual impossibility of defending a group so geographically dispersed as the Commonwealth of Nations which has made it clear that the only feasible basis for joint action would be the support of a collective system of pooled security. By the same token, the

only war in which members of the Commonwealth would be justified in indulging as a matter of common policy would be one waged to enforce the sanctions of that system. The League of Nations provided the obvious framework for such a policy, Commonwealth unity depending upon the leadership given by Great Britain in supporting that institution and in co-operating with the States. There was a hope that through a continued process of treaty revision and the adoption of saner commercial relations, the League might be made into a reality. But, during the last few years, the great powers, with the passive consent of Great Britain, have sabotaged the League; the opportunities of American co-operation in taking action against Japan have been foregone; economic nationalism has been rampant. It is no more than the truth to say that the League does not now constitute a peace system. This development marks the nadir of Commonwealth foreign policy, with the further corollary that, the Crown legally divisible or indivisible, there remains no justifiable obligation of joint Commonwealth action in case of war. Canadian foreign policy must be based upon this assumption, and the future of the imperial connection must depend upon the possibility of combined action to reconstitute a collective system.

* * *

UNLESS a realistic collective system can be re-created, as Mr. Reid suggests, there will be no other course open to Canada than to choose between the alternatives of war or North American isolation, the price of either of which need not be laboured. The immediate problem is that of bringing the weight of general rather than particular public opinion to bear upon the Canadian Government to take the necessary steps. The fact that, thanks to the European armaments race, the figure of 12,924,418 pounds for Canadian production of nickel in April is the second largest on record, indicates the chief difficulty of this process. But to those who pin little faith on the policy of laying up treasures in heaven, it might be suggested that a present curtailment of terrestrial rather than celestial dividends is perhaps preferable to the ultimate but nevertheless complete demolition of the former. The further problem of receiving active co-operation from the British Government might be facilitated by the advent to power in England of either a Labour Government, the aims of which were stated by Mr. Noel Baker in the *FORUM* last month, or of a Conservative Government with a vigorous foreign policy. It must be conceded, however, that either war itself, or a series of strangling alliances which would make an effective collective system impossible, seems likely to anticipate this event. But it is less a question of criticizing specific countries and governments than of seeking the creation of beneficial and effective public opinion. If there is to be peace, opinion must be mobilized now. Definite interests and vague fetishes will have to be sacrificed, but this price is less than the alternative ones, and the sands are running out.

London Letter

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S 'recovery' budget, with its spectacular 6 per cent. off the income tax, has had surprisingly little effect either upon the popularity of the Government or the prosperity of the country. It was expected to stimulate both, but it has somehow misfired. The Government's stock sinks lower month by month. All genuine Liberals and Socialists went into opposition long ago; but significant divisions are now beginning to appear even in the ranks of the Government's faithful Conservative supporters. Two questions in particular are leading to a split—Indian and Empire Trade.

* * *

FOR nearly two years Mr. Winston Churchill has been attacking the Indian reform proposals which the Government inherited from its Socialist predecessors. Now, however, he has thrown a bombshell into the political scene by accusing Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India, of improper conduct in his capacity as a member of the Select Committee of the House of Commons which has been examining the proposed reforms. Mr. Churchill alleges that Sir Samuel Hoare, while a member of the Committee, exerted pressure on the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to induce it to alter the general sense of the evidence it intended to submit to the Committee. This charge is now being investigated by a special committee of the House. If as a result of its findings Sir Samuel Hoare is forced to resign, the Government's loss of prestige will be very serious. Even if he is not, however, the whole incident will certainly strengthen the faction of the Conservatives which follows Mr. Churchill and can scarcely conceal its hostility to a government led by a 'Socialist'.

* * *

THE other issue dividing Conservative ranks is the sanctity of 'Empire Free Trade'. Mr. Elliott, the first champion in this country of extreme agricultural protection, is trying to rally the traditionally agrarian party in defence of the home farmer—and landlord. Protection of the home farmer means, of course, restriction of food imports from the Dominions, particularly of butter, cheese and meat imports. Lord Beaverbrook and the Imperialists protest loudly against any such restriction, and would like the Ottawa pledges to be renewed as soon as they expire. In this defence of Empire trade the Beaverbrook Conservatives are supported, in a strange alliance, by the Liberal Free Traders; while the Prime Minister and Mr. Baldwin are, as usual, wobbling uneasily and wondering which way the wind will blow. How many Conservatives are at heart supporters of Mr. Elliott no one yet knows.

* * *

IT is becoming a common remark that the country only tolerates the present Government 'because it fears to make James King'. There seems no alternative. A small but influential section of opinion favours a Liberal-Labour *rapprochement*. But the official spokesmen of the Labour Party have recently rebuffed such discreet Liberal overtures as

have been made. Liberals, says Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Labour chairman of the London County Council, must join the Labour Party if they wish to co-operate with a Labour Government. Meanwhile, Sir Stafford Cripps, whose extremism was beginning to embarrass his Labour colleagues, seems to be cooling down. He may well have taken to heart the complete failure of extreme Left-wing candidates in recent by-elections. It is becoming clearer and clearer that what the National Government is losing, the Labour Party, and not any of the extremists, is gaining. The Liberal Party, as even its most fervent supporters admit in private, is sinking fast.

* * *

THE economic signs are hard to read. Recovery was very rapid throughout the winter and spring. Production and foreign trade were increasing, stock exchange prices rising and unemployment decreasing. Since April—despite the budget—there has been a slowing down, and optimism seems to have given way to uncertainty. Stock exchange prices have been falling, though unemployment continues to decrease. What is the meaning of these conflicting signs? Expert opinion has long been inclined to the view that recovery in England could not go much further without a revival of international trade. It may be that the internal boom caused by tariffs and cheap money has run its course. If so, the outlook for the Government, which is irrevocably committed to more and more protection, will be blacker than ever.

* * *

AT the moment the drought, both at home and abroad, is attracting a great deal of attention.

The water resources of many rural districts of England have been shown to be ridiculously inadequate. No serious damage has yet been caused, however, to cattle or crops. The weather reports from Europe, Russia, the United States and Canada are being eagerly watched; and people are asking whether Nature may not yet succeed where the International Wheat Agreement failed, and raise the price of wheat to remunerative levels. *The Times* is using the drought as an argument to show that the Government was quite right to subsidize English wheat-growing and make this country a little less dependent upon foreign and Dominion supplies. At the same time the Socialist *Daily Herald* accuses the Government of callous indifference to the drought-stricken villages. No one takes either of these arguments very seriously, however, for the simple reason that no one in England really ever believes that it will not rain tomorrow—or at least the day after.

Douglas Jay



The Canadian Forum

Washington Letter

AMERICAN institutions and American civilization are in greater danger than at any time since the foundation of the republic.' If you believe this then you will also believe that 'a small group in Washington, vested with temporary authority, is seeking covertly to alter the framework of American institutions'.

If enough people credit these two statements the Roosevelt Administration candidates for House and Senate will all be defeated at the polls in November because these statements are quoted from the diagnosis of 'what is wrong with this country' as drawn up by the Republican National Committee. It is this philosophy, or call it what you will, upon which the Republicans propose to defeat the Administration in November and in the Presidential campaign in 1936.

Of course, it is impossible to deny that these expressions contain lofty sentiments and patriotic inspiration. Accompanied as they are by the slogan, 'Not a New Deal but a Square Deal', the result might be thought to be overwhelming in its appeal. There is no one who likes a 'square deal' better than a constituent, if the lessons of over 100 years of elections here mean anything. There is scarcely a candidate who runs in either party who does not at some time in his campaign work in the 'square deal' motif and catch a substantial number of votes thereby.

But—and here's the rub—the electorate will examine a little more closely than usual, perhaps, the actual source of these sentiments and the slogan. That is likely to prove very embarrassing to the Republican Party. They will find that the authors of the Republican platform are the same old gang. They will find Andrew Mellon, Ogden Mills, David A. Reed, senior Senator from Pennsylvania and a Mellon lawyer, and Herbert Hoover's Postmaster-General, the shrewd Walter Brown of Ohio.

These are the gentlemen who have found that our institutions are menaced, our civilization doomed. They are the ones who inserted in the Republican pronouncement the statement that 'given liberty of expression and of action, the people are better able to find a solution of their problems than any group of autocrats.'

Coming from a crowd of plutocrats, that assertion seems very amusing, indeed. Of course it is modern Republican doctrine that nothing succeeds in the United States like plutocracy, but of course you can't come right out and set that down in a politican credo. You have to be more 'political' and come in the back door. The voters, however, are quite capable, I think, of understanding that we do not yet have an autocracy here, and also able to express their aversion to a return of the plutocracy.

Of Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, who was chosen chairman of the Republican National Committee, little need be said. He is a pleasant fellow, of impressive manner and appearance. His public life, exceeding a score of years, has been spent in the diplomatic service. If the niceties of the diplomatic environ-

ment fit a man for the vulgarities of rough and tumble politics, then Fletcher will be an excellent chairman. He knows nothing of practical politics. Mellon, Mills and Reed do. Therefore, it seems almost too apparent who will run the committee and that, so far as the voter needs to know, is enough.

AS to the Roosevelt Administration's activities this month—well, we have had the explosive Darrow report. It still echoes, and with effect. It was, you probably read, directed at blasting the N.R.A. out of its belief that the so-called 'little fellow' in business was not being strangled and that the big business man was not pursuing the easy road of monopoly, aided and abetted by the recovery program.

General Hugh S. Johnson, the Recovery Administrator, replied to Darrow in a number of ill-chosen words, but since then has proceeded to follow out several recommendations of the Darrow report. The principal results have been the abandonment of fair practice and price fixing provisions of all service industry codes, such as dry cleaning, barber shops, etc., and revival of the anti-trust laws.

True, the socialization of industry, as recommended by Darrow, has not been undertaken, but there is reason to believe that circumstances will force a bit of socialization before the depression is over. I say that because it becomes more and more apparent with each day, that the Government will not be able to convince the industrialists that they must put more of their profits into wages and less into dividends.

THE Congress will have adjourned by the time this letter is read in print, unless the strike epidemic should become more aggravated than it is at present. And, it might be added, that adjournment will come without the Congress having accomplished anything of outstanding merit with the exception of the bill to regulate the stock exchanges. That bill is now on the books. It will be administered by a special commission. The head of that commission will probably be James Landis of the Federal Trade Commission, a 'professor' who has no sympathy whatsoever for Wall Street, and, of course, the feeling is mutual.

The mysterious ways in which the political mind moves its wonders to perform is illustrated at present by two bills before the Congress. One provides for a compulsory control system to reduce tobacco acreage. It has been passed by the House and is almost identical to the cotton control plan, also passed at this session. The second bill, now before the Ways and Means Committee, provides a 40 per cent. reduction in tobacco taxes in the hope of increasing the production of tobacco through greater sales of cigarettes. The committee is trying to get the tax reduction bill up for a vote. It is not likely to succeed for the calendar is too crowded to permit action on anything but the most important measures. However, these two bills, standing side by side, indicate the state of mind of some of our public characters. They seem to want to have their tobacco and smoke it too.

ROBERT W. HORTON

Revival of the American Tories

By HARRY ELMER BARNES

OUR radicals have been very profuse with their assertion that the New Deal could never have succeeded even if tried thoroughly. With this point of view I have never been able fully to concur. It would take a very innocent or a very optimistic person to believe that the New Deal could, under any circumstances, save capitalism for an indefinite period. I have always believed, however, that, if it could be sincerely and honestly put into operation, the New Deal might make possible the restoration of prosperity and decency for at least another generation. It may be, however, that this difference of opinion will never be authoritatively settled. In spite of much complacency just at present, the New Deal is today in a very critical situation.

A year ago, even the bank holiday was lightened up a great deal by the feeling that the money-changers and the industrial Bourbons were forever discredited and would never again be able to interfere with serious efforts to construct a civilized economic and social order in the United States. Today, they are climbing back into the saddle and the New Deal is very literally in desperate danger of never being seriously tried out.

The general character and aims of the New Deal have been frequently stated and are reasonably clear to anyone who wishes to understand them.

The ideals, methods and dominion of the piratical investment bankers and the industrial Tories which brought us from 'normalcy' to the crash of 1929 were to be ruthlessly put behind us in favour of a programme based upon the community of interest of all Americans. The old emphasis of capitalism upon purely speculative profits at the expense of constructive business and upon excessive production for the purpose of profit, without any intelligent consideration of the purchasing power of American consumers, was to be repudiated.

It was frankly conceded that the distribution of the social income in the past had been all wrong. The cream of the period of prosperity had been skimmed off by a relatively few fortunate and rapacious individuals.

The farmers were worse off in 1929 than they had been in 1921. The wage-earners had received only a scanty proportion of the economic gains of the decade. The value of manufactured products in 1929 was \$10,000,000,000 greater than in 1923, but wage payments had increased by only \$600,000,000. Mass purchasing power in 1928 and 1929 was in no way capable of sustaining prosperity. This utterly absurd situation was to be done away with. Economic rewards were to be redistributed in such fashion as to assure adequate and permanent mass purchasing power.

A major reason for the hogging of the social income by the few economic overlords was the weak-

ness of labour organizations and the paralysis of its activities by hostile judicial decisions. The New Deal promised to remedy this situation by bestowing upon labour equal freedom with capital to organize and promote its interests.

Most fundamental of all, the New Deal asserted that the new age of capitalism must be one dedicated primarily to the interests of the consumer. It was quite correctly maintained that capitalism could never endure unless we placed primary emphasis upon encouraging consumers to desire the good things of life in abundance and then put at their disposal the financial ability to go into the market and purchase the goods which they wished.

It was conceded that something striking and effective would have to be done to reduce the colossal burden of debt—some \$238,000,000,000—which hangs over the head of the United States Government and its citizens.

It seemed to be very clearly understood that the complex of policies and legislation adopted by the new Administration in 1933 would be only the starting point from which we would advance toward a more complete and adequate plan for the control of American economic life in the interest of the whole community of Americans.

It was assumed that, though the apostles of the old order might strenuously object to later and more drastic extensions of the New Deal, they would enthusiastically co-operate with the mild measures proposed in 1933. It was believed that they might possess enough logic to wish to give the preliminary plan a fair trial, in order to demonstrate that no more far-reaching measures would be necessary to restore prosperity. Some were inclined to concede them enough intelligence to understand that the system which brought us to the abyss in 1929 never could or should be restored.

* * *

THOSE who were optimistic enough to believe that the dominion of the pirates and organized gamblers over American society came to an end with the bank holiday of March 3rd, 1933, were doomed to disappointment. The rule of the money-changers and the Tories has not been ended. The former are still in control of the nation's finances, and the latter have jumped into the breach and are within a hair's breadth of having the N.R.A. tucked in their pockets.

Mr. Pecora's revelations seem not to have abashed or disgraced the money-changers. They are today in open revolt against the financial policies of the President. The actual application of the N.R.A. codes is today in the control of arrogant industrialists. The representatives of labour on the code authorities are utterly unable to cope with the rehabilitated Tories. The latter seem in no way in-

clined to give even the preliminary New Deal a fair trial. They insist that even in its emasculated form it shall be highly temporary in its operation.

The point of view of the producers still predominates. General Johnson has been mainly concerned with coding the various industries, and he has subjected over two hundred of our different industries to more or less satisfactory codes, so far as they go.

But all of these codes have been primarily devoted to conditions relating directly to production, with only a minor view to boosting and sustaining purchasing power. Even the very best codes have been only fairly passable rules for the game of productive industry.

The concessions to labour have been of a formal character and have all too often been resisted when any effort has been made to carry them out in practice. The minimum wages specified in the codes—\$12 to \$15 a week—had been paltry and niggardly beyond description and in no case do they form the basis for sustained purchasing power on the part of American workers. The working week remains altogether too long to insure a sufficient spread of work to absorb the millions of unemployed Americans.

Little has developed to give any indication of a determination to bring about a more rational redistribution of the social income. The farmers have fared better than any other group in this respect, but the farm policies to date have been rather feverish and have taken the form of sporadic efforts to relieve immediate and paralysing distress rather than a broad and constructive plan to assign to the rural population their fair and decent fraction of the social income.

The wages and salaries legally imposed in the new dispensation have been far below the utterly inadequate level of 1928-29. Nor has there been any scientific and determined effort to redistribute wealth through progressive taxation or a capital levy. The taxation policy of Mr. Mills and Mr. Hoover has not been modified in any notable way by Mr. Roosevelt.

Though Clause 7A of the National Industrial Recovery Act purports to guarantee conclusively the right of labour to organize and bargain collectively with employers, the latter have resisted unionization in practice at every possible opportunity. The Government has, as yet, given no convincing indication that it proposes to 'crack down' on recalcitrant industrialists. The United Steel Corporation and other concerns are openly defying the Government by their refusal to deal with even a very conservative union, the United Mine Workers. There has been more industrial disorder growing out of this renewed Bourbon opposition to unionism than has taken place for several years.

We have an extremely able and alert group of individuals charged with protecting the rights and interests of the consumers, headed by such stalwart progressives as Paul Douglas, Fred Howe and Dexter Keezer. But they have been shunted off into a corner and possess little power or public prestige. While General Johnson's name is on everybody's lips, not one citizen in ten thousand has ever

heard of the personnel or activities of those assigned to protect the consumer in what was to be an era of consumer's capitalism.

Nothing of any moment has been done to handle resolutely the staggering problem of debt. The refinancing provisions with respect to urban and farm mortgages simply postpone the evil day of reckoning. The reflation policies may, to some extent, reduce the practical impact of the debt burden, but to date the monetary barrage has done more harm than good by distracting attention from the critical situation prevailing in more fundamental quarters.

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THE most brazen and determined defiance of the New Deal has come in connection with the efforts to defeat the plan to regulate gambling on the New York Stock Exchange. Indeed, the moguls of predatory finance have carried this into a battle against the whole New Deal.

The story of the definite advances in this astute propaganda against both the Fletcher-Rayburn Stock Exchange Bill and the New Deal is one of the most amazing and illuminating tales in American history.

When the President sent the bill to Congress early in February, Stock Exchange regulation was almost unanimously supported by the opinion of the country. A careful search of editorials in all the papers in the 184 cities of more than 50,000 inhabitants revealed scarcely a dissenting editorial on the subject.

Then began the campaign of Wall Street.

On February 13th., Mr. Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange, called together the representatives of the thirty principal 'wire houses' and set forth his objections to the Fletcher-Rayburn bill. A call to action was sent to the branches of these thirty houses located in all the important cities of the country.

On February 15th., a letter was sent to all members of the New York Stock Exchange and to the presidents of eighty companies whose stocks were listed on the Exchange. This time Mr. Whitney irresponsibly alleged that the Federal Trade Commission was given power by the bill to 'manage' the corporations of America.

Then, on February 28th., appearing in Washington before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, he maintained that the bill gave the Federal Trade Commission 'absolute power' over every corporation whose securities were listed on the New York Stock Exchange and suggested that the bill was probably written with the aim of nationalizing American industry and business.

At the same time, brokerage employes throughout the country were being frightened by the assertion that if the bill passed a great many of them would be thrown out of their jobs. Even college professors were deluged with propaganda.

Then, on March 23rd., the final bomb shell was exploded by James H. Rand, Jr., when he sprung the Doctor Wirt bogey alleging that the New Deal was a conscious effort to turn the country over to the social and economic programme of Moscow.

By the end of March many American newspapers had so reversed their opinion that they were expressing vehement opposition to Stock Exchange regulation. The *Miami Herald*, which had once been sympathetic with regulation, wrote in an editorial on March 28th:

If stocks are held down by the damper of margins, so will prices of grain and cotton be kept low in the pit, and they influence commodity prices generally. In other words, the nation prospers through gambling. This may not be morally right, but nevertheless it is a fact.

Therefore, to a realistic friend of the New Deal, conditions appear somewhat alarming. Our financial and industrial rulers do not even seem inclined to give the new order, even in its lame and halting preliminary form, a square deal or a fair show.

The people need light on the facts so that they may encourage the President to move ahead resolutely while there is yet time to save the enterprise to which he consecrated his Administration a year ago.

If this is not done, it is no idle talk to declare that Fascism is just around the corner—not a Roosevelt Fascism but a greedy and ruthless Fascism directed by those who may overcome him.

* * *

THE current talk about the prospect that President Roosevelt will, consciously or unconsciously, prove an American Kerensky is pure nonsense. Even if every member of the 'Brain Trust' wished to bring about such a development it would be quite beyond the realm of achievement.

But there is a very real possibility that without making any effort, Mr. Roosevelt may prove a Giolitti or a Brüning.

In the first place, any comparison between Roosevelt and Kerensky indicates a considerable lack of knowledge concerning historical facts. Kerensky, though not a Communist, was a real revolutionary. He belonged to the social revolutionary party in Russia, a group of agrarian socialists, whose policies would make those of Miles Reno seem almost reactionary by comparison.

Even if the New Deal should prove a flop and a severe economic collapse should follow upon its failure, there is not a chance in the world that the country would immediately move over into communism.

In the first place, the American populace, urban and rural, has not yet suffered enough to be ready for any thoroughly radical overturn. It still subscribes to the essentials of 'the American dream' born of frontier society a century ago.

In the second place, the American communists possess neither the numbers nor the intelligence to make the most of a revolutionary opportunity, even if it were presented to them. It is probably true that a great majority of the best American minds under 40 years of age, are today, in differing degrees, sympathetic with communism. But very few of these superior intellects are formally affiliated with the communist party in this country.

There is, however, a very real prospect that a Roosevelt debâcle would be followed by a slump

into reaction. Indeed, it appears that such a trend will be inevitable if the New Deal collapses.

There is little probability that we could muster sufficient stupidity to entrust the destinies of the country once more to that stumbling and stammering corpse which is the Republican party. Bi-partisan Fascism, marshalling its forces behind some strong and willing figure like Al. Smith is far more probable.

The example of Italy and Germany is particularly illuminating and instructive to Americans right now.

In both countries, there was once not only a considerable liberal development, but a great deal of social and economic radicalism. The government of Germany after 1919 was for years a socialist government and in Italy between the end of the World War and the coming of Mussolini the socialists and syndicalists were in the majority.

In both countries all these advances towards social justice were sacrificed because liberals and mild radicals were not sufficiently far-sighted and forceful. They proved tolerant and easy-going until it was too late to save the situation even by strong-arm methods.

Giolitti might have brought Mussolini before a firing-squad but his government looked on complacently until the Black-Shirt mob had seized the Italian peninsula. In Germany, Brüning insisted upon dealing through constitutional methods with a menace which was consecrated to the use of force.

It is of very great importance that the United States should, if possible, be saved from Fascism.

In Italy and Germany the long strides which had been made over two generations toward the goal of social justice were scrapped. A long Fascist interlude of quasi-barbarism has been interjected.

Fascism can never solve the economic and social problems of an advanced industrial civilization because it is both politically and economically wrong-headed. It is foredoomed to ultimate collapse.

But it can postpone for as much as a generation honest and straightforward efforts to cope realistically with the basic economic problems of our day. And its final collapse is very likely to bring chaos and extreme radicalism in its train.

The argument of Lawrence Dennis and others that Fascism is absolutely inevitable is not very convincing. It is inevitable only where conditions are allowed to develop which make it possible or inevitable.

There is still time for the United States to avert these conditions. If, instead of allowing his prestige to dwindle through a series of compromises with the common enemy of mankind—the predatory speculators—Mr. Roosevelt deals summarily with the foes of recovery and social justice, we may move steadily ahead to better things as an alternative to being pitched into the gloom of reaction, Fascist or otherwise.

Today, there is still time to invoke summary methods of dealing with the enemies of recovery which will at the same time be constitutional. A year from now it may be too late.

A Foreign Policy for Canada

By ESCOTT REID

FOREIGN policy is not concerned with matters which are remote from our daily lives. Canadians may have thought that at one time, but they are now being forced to realize that the object of Canadian foreign policy is not to prove to the world that Canada is a nation or to realize some vague ideal; it is to make a better life possible for the people of this country. The object of Canadian foreign policy and the object of Canadian domestic policy are one—the attainment of as good a life as possible for the people of Canada. Because the people of Canada are gradually realizing this, it is probable that foreign policy will be a fundamental issue, if not in the next general election, then in the one after that.

Because foreign policy intimately affects every citizen he should have the same right of control over it as he has over domestic policy. It is therefore essential:

1. That the Canadian Government lay clearly before Parliament the principles according to which it proposes to carry on the external relations of Canada;

2. That these principles of foreign policy be discussed adequately in Parliament and in the country so that Parliament and the electorate may be given an opportunity of expressing their agreement or disagreement with these principles;

3. That if the Government finds it necessary to modify these principles it should seek the approval of Parliament;

4. That Parliament should be informed of all international or imperial treaties, conventions, agreements, understandings and conversations which involve this country in any obligations, and that if Parliament is not informed of these obligations it shall in no way be bound to honour them.

My second main point is this: Canadian foreign policy must take long views, not short views. It must be concerned, not with measures which will gain for this country some immediate respite or give it some short-run advantage, but with the pursuit of objectives which will serve the best interests of the people of this nation in the long run. We are not interested in a policy which can accomplish nothing more than the postponement of war for a brief period, for we ask ourselves how we would feel in ten or fifteen years' time when opportunism had at last led to its inevitable result and the main effect of the postponement of war had been that we were too old to be conscripted and our sons were just old enough.

Few would quarrel with these two general principles of Canadian foreign policy—a foreign policy based upon the long run interests of the people of Canada and a policy approved of by the Government and people of this country. Before moving to more debatable ground it would be well to pay some

attention to the world in which we are now living, because obviously a foreign policy must fit the conditions of the present world. It is not necessary to wax eloquent or to go into any detail on the subject of present world conditions. We would all agree that during the last three years the international situation has been getting worse and worse, that the tension in international affairs has been increasing from year to year, from month to month, even from day to day, and that the only result of such increasing tension is war. In Europe today nations are increasing their armaments and practically every nation is frantically seeking for allies. It looks as if the Disarmament Conference is going to end 'not with a bang, but a whimper'. We are witnessing the failure of that international organization which was set up after the war to maintain peace.

What is Canada to do? Senator McRae some time ago initiated a very interesting debate in the Senate, and thereby did a very valuable service to this country. Senator McRae says a world war is inevitable; the only thing for Canada to do is to withdraw from the League of Nations. That is an intelligible policy; a policy of drift is unintelligible. Senator McRae is to be congratulated because he has not accepted a policy of drift for this country.

But what worries me about the position taken by Senator McRae is this: I presume he would be in favour not only of Canada withdrawing from the League, but also of Great Britain withdrawing from the League; but can Great Britain by withdrawing from the League escape being involved in the inevitable war? Most students of foreign affairs in England today would reply that Great Britain, being a first class power with world-wide interests, cannot escape being involved in a first class war. Does it then follow that Canada, whether or not she withdraws from the League, will be a belligerent in the next great war, because of her association with Great Britain?

I am perplexed at the answer to that question. I know that some of the legalists will tell me that Canada can remain passively belligerent if Great Britain gets into war. That was the position taken by the Canadian Government in 1922. Others will say that the Empire can become a personal union, and one part be at war and another at peace. But legalism has nothing whatever to do with it; it is a matter of psychology. Supposing Great Britain were involved in a war like the last, supposing she were fighting with her back to the wall, can any one maintain that this country could insist upon her neutral rights, could refuse to assist in the defence of the Empire, and that after that the Empire would continue to exist or that there would be any point in the Empire continuing to exist?

Are we then faced with these alternatives for Canada: secession from the Empire or participation

in British wars? And furthermore, if we secede from the Empire would our position be a particularly happy one? I doubt it. Is it not true that in a world living in imminent danger of war, economic nationalism will increase and our overseas trade continue to dwindle, since the fear of war acts as an immediate stimulus to measures for increasing economic self-sufficiency and for decreasing Canadian exports?

Diminishing overseas markets would mean that Canada would have to depend more and more upon North and South American Markets. Would this not mean a closer tie-up with the United States in economic matters as well as in defence and would not the result of this be that Canada would in fact if not in law become part of the United States?

If we cannot prevent the world from drifting into war must Canada choose either to take part in world wars and sacrifice 50,000 Canadians out of every generation on some foreign battlefield, or to secede from the Empire and become a protectorate of the United States—and even then run the danger of being involved in wars on the Pacific as an ally of that country?

The choice is an unpleasant one which I am not yet prepared to make. It is one that I should not like to see this country forced to make. I also feel that it would be difficult to persuade the minority to follow the decision of the majority on such a matter, and that the consequent strains upon the Canadian federation would be so great that it might not survive.

It may be that war is inevitable; that the break-up of the Empire is inevitable; that civil war in Canada is inevitable. But I refuse to believe it. I refuse to believe that the situation is hopeless. I am still optimistic enough to agree with Mr. Noel Baker who, in his speeches in Canada some two months ago, took as his text: 'The situation is desperate, but not hopeless.'

But a desperate situation requires desperate remedies, and what chance is there of desperate remedies being attempted? There seems very little. In a very interesting letter published last December in the *New Statesman* a group of leading men in England called upon the British Government to initiate a perilous policy for the organization of peace. They said that only if the British Government were to put forward such a policy would there be a chance of it being accepted. In spite of the fact, however, that there are people in Great Britain in all three political parties who are in favour of the British Government initiating a perilous policy for the organization of peace, it seems doubtful whether anything will be done by the present British Government.

What then is Canada to do? What are Canadians to do if they believe that a perilous policy should be initiated by some country?

It is about time we stopped talking about what Great Britain should do; what France should do; what the United States should do. We are citizens of Canada. The only government on which we can

exert direct pressure is the Government of Canada. What we should be talking about today is how we can put pressure on the Government of Canada so that it will itself initiate a perilous policy for the organization of peace. The major question in Canadian foreign policy at the moment is, What programme for the organization of peace should be put forward by the Canadian Government?

Any man would be rash who attempted to lay down a paper programme and to say, If this programme is accepted the peace of the world can be maintained. But someone has to be a fool, and so I have been foolish enough to draft such a paper programme as a basis of discussion.

* * *

A NY programme for the organization of peace like that which I have drafted, must be based upon a clear understanding of the reasons for the collapse of the so-called collective system set up after the War to maintain peace. One answer to the question, Why has the collective system broken down?, is that the collective system has not broken down; it has never existed; that since the War we have had in the League of Nations not a collective system for maintaining peace but simply an alliance of the victorious powers to hold down the vanquished. This alliance has been able to keep the peace hitherto because the vanquished powers were too weak to threaten it. The danger to world peace to-day arises because the domination of the victorious powers is threatened by the resurgence of Germany.

A second possible answer is that the collective system has not failed; it has never been tried—an essential part of the constitution of the collective system having remained a dead letter. The more I read about the Paris peace conference, the more convinced I am that the decent people at that conference, who were disgusted with the terms of the treaties, pinned their faith to one thing—the Covenant of the League of Nations, and especially Article 19 of that Covenant. That article reads as follows: 'The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.'

The important part of that article is not the first part, which concerns revision of treaties; it is the second part, 'the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world'; for if such international conditions were remedied the worst features of the treaty settlement of 1919 would disappear. But the League has attempted to prevent war without invoking Article 19, that is, without dealing adequately with the causes of war—in other words, without dealing adequately with such matters as access to the sea, trade routes, markets, raw materials, colonial opportunities, treatment of minorities and territorial boundaries. It is on these matters that wars usually arise; not over disputes as to what are the legal rights of states, but over dis-

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Because the victorious great powers in control of the League refused to permit the League to deal adequately with these matters, the League became an instrument of the possessing powers against the dispossessed—the satiated powers against the proletarian powers. And Germany, Japan and Italy are proletarian powers. No wonder, then, that two of these powers have left the League and that the other is hostile to it.

The result of this failure of the League to treat the problems of treaty revision or to deal adequately with the real causes of war has been a major cause of the ineffectiveness of League sanctions. Sir Robert Borden, for example, made it clear at Paris in 1919 that Canada was not prepared to bind herself to maintain forever the territorial boundaries of Europe when we knew that those boundaries were, in many respects, unjust. That has been the position taken by the Canadian Government ever since 1919, and that is one reason why Canada has led in the fight at Geneva to whittle down the obligations of the member states of the League to assist in applying the League sanctions. The Canadian position on this matter has been wholly admirable. Unless there is effective machinery for revising treaties and for changing 'international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world', there ought to be no effective machinery for enforcing sanctions.

But as a result of the ineffectiveness of League sanctions, the victorious powers have refused to disarm—and rightly so. Why should they disarm if they are not going to be protected against aggression?

Thus you have a vicious circle. Failure to provide effective machinery for treaty revision has meant ineffective League sanctions; the absence of effective sanctions has resulted in the failure of disarmament. Surely, therefore, any long-run policy for the organization of peace must involve a simultaneous advance along these three fronts of sanctions, disarmament and treaty revision—or, as I prefer to call it, the elimination of causes of disputes. It is only in that way that the deadlock which to-day exists throughout the world can be broken—that France can be persuaded to agree to disarmament and revision, and that the proletarian powers, Italy, Germany and Japan, can be persuaded to become faithful members of an effective collective system. * * *

SINCE space does not permit me to quote in full the programme for the organization of peace which I have drafted as a basis of discussion. I shall quote simply the preamble and a few other sections.

In view of the danger to the peace of the world if steps are not taken now to make the collective system effective, and realizing that the continued political existence of Canada and the British Commonwealth as well as the future of western civilization are seriously threatened if another world war should break out, the Canadian Government should endeavour through diplomatic channels to secure the adherence of the Governments of the British Commonwealth

and the Government of the United States to an acceptable and effective programme of joint action for the organization of peace. At an early date those states which are in substantial agreement on the essentials of this programme should, in a joint declaration, openly urge its acceptance on the world. The aim of this programme should be the establishment of an effective collective system which will not merely postpone war for a brief period, but which will ensure both permanent peace and international and social justice. Such a system must be founded upon the renunciation by all nations of the use of force as an instrument of national policy. . . .

Effective machinery must be set up for the just settlement of international disputes arising out of the alleged injustice of existing legal rights. In so far as other means to this end are lacking, Article 19 of the Covenant should be made practically effective. . . .

Since it is now apparent that the U.S.S.R. is willing to apply for membership in the League of Nations if she is assured that she will not be rebuffed, the members of the League should do everything in their power to facilitate her entry into the League by the offer of an invitation to membership by the Assembly and the assurance of a permanent seat on the Council to which her power, influence and dignity entitle her. . . .

Canada's action in urging other states to take steps to create an effective collective system will have no chance of success unless the Canadian Government states clearly that Canada, in order to co-operate loyally and effectively in this endeavour, is prepared to bear her full share of the sacrifices of immediate national interests which are involved. Canada must be willing to pay the price of peace. The Canadian Government should, therefore, make it clear to other states that we are prepared to take the following steps in order to facilitate the carrying into effect of the above programme of joint action for the organization of peace, subject to the condition that other states make approximately equal sacrifices. . . .

In order to diminish the intensity of disputes over the possession of colonies—to support the application of the mandate principle of the 'open door' to all colonies, and thus to lose our preferential position in the markets of British colonies.

In order to diminish the possibility of economic war over such matters as raw materials, markets, migration, etc.—to request the League of Nations to set up machinery to examine the problem of the distribution of raw materials and to support the application of the principle of international economic planning not only to raw materials but also to such subjects as tariffs, currency, migration and international investment since at present because of the lack of international control, nations have the legal right to take steps which may ruin the economy of other states. . . .

In order to assist in the attainment of that social justice without which international peace cannot be established on secure foundations—to amend the British North America Act so that the Federal Parliament may have power to ratify the conventions of the International Labour Organization and to urge the adoption of an international forty-hour week convention, and an international minimum wage convention. . . .

In order to meet the legitimate demands of [China]—to repeal the Chinese Immigration Act, which legitimately offends the Chinese since it singles them out for special treatment by excluding them from Canada, and to substitute for this Act an agreement with the Chinese Government, similar to that which has been made with Japan under which 150 Japanese immigrants a year are allowed to enter Canada.

In order to assist directly in the carrying out of a disarmament convention—to express her willingness to accept the internationalization of civil aviation if the Disarmament Conference considers this desirable, and such international regulation of her nickel industry or of any other of her industries which produce materials essential to the manufacture of armaments as the Permanent Disarmament Commission considers desirable. . . .

THE obvious objection to the peace programme which has just been sketched is that it is utopian, that there is no chance of it being accepted either by foreign states or by the Canadian Government or people. Let us be content, the critics say, with some modest programme which has a reasonable chance of success. But once these critics are forced to state their modest and "realist" programmes in precise terms, it is immediately obvious that, even if they could be carried into effect, the only result would be to establish an armed truce under which war might be postponed sufficiently long for our sons to become old enough to fight and ourselves to become old enough to remain safe at home. Any programme worth putting forward must be a programme not for the postponement of war but for the organization of permanent peace. Let those who claim that the programme outlined above is utopian put forward an alternative one of their own; and let us examine whether theirs can do anything more than postpone war.

A close examination of modest "realist" programmes for strengthening the collective system will show that there is no hope of their being carried out, for only a bold, far-reaching programme has any chance of meeting with universal acceptance since only such a programme can offer real concessions to all states with grievances and that means to all states, since all have grievances. How, for instance, can we get Germany back into the League unless we give her equality in armaments, and how can we safely give her equality in armaments, except by reducing the armaments of other countries to her level? How can we get Italy and Japan to support the League unless we give them a guarantee of free access to raw materials and to colonial markets? How can we persuade the oriental nations to support the League unless we recognize the principle of racial equality? Can France be expected to agree to treaty revision and disarmament unless she is given security?

The programme which I have drafted will please the Soviet Union, because it gives her the total disarmament which she has demanded at Geneva ever since 1928 and it universalizes her non-aggression treaties and her convention for defining aggression. It gives the United States the international economic and social planning without which her national planning can succeed only at a terrible cost, for by means of international planning she is given free access to raw materials and international minimum labour standards to protect her from competition from countries with cheap labour supply.

Least of all am I content to accept the criticism that public opinion here and abroad will refuse to support governments which agree to such a programme—that democracy means "a supine resignation to slow and timid measures of advance". If democracy does, indeed, mean this, then democracy will be supplanted by dictatorship for the task of reconstructing the world to-day demands not "slow and timid measures of advance", but "swift and far-

reaching measures both of international and economic reorganization". But surely we can agree with the signatories of that magnificent manifesto on "Liberty and Democratic Leadership" which appeared a few months ago in England that "there is an increasing number of men and women in this country of all parties or of none, who would be prepared to see the parliamentary machine used for swift and far-reaching measures both of international and economic reorganization, if the programme of such measures were submitted to them on its merits alone, with a view to meeting scientifically the demonstrable needs of the situation."

What is needed in Canada, as in Great Britain, in order to rally the electors behind such a programme is a conception of political leadership "that involves treating democracy with a new respect, offering scientific schemes of a far-sighted and far-reaching order, commanding them by the methods of reason, and asking that they should be judged on their merits alone".

The Canadian public "is anxious beyond all precedent for calm, efficient and active leadership of this type". It "is ready to respond to the methods of reason by supporting a courageous, constructive and democratic lead". Are Canadian political leaders ready to give this lead?

(Editor's Note.—This article contains the substance of a speech delivered by Mr. Reid in Ottawa on May 25th before the Twelfth Annual Meeting of the League of Nations Society in Canada. The speech and the resolutions in full will be included in the published Proceedings of the Society's Annual Meeting, which will also contain addresses by Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett; Hon. Ernest Lapointe, M.P.; Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, M.P.; Mrs. H. P. Plumtree; Miss Agnes Macphail, M.P.; Mr. Brooke Claxton, Professor H. F. Angus; Professor Norman McL. Rogers and others. These are being printed and will be available to all members of the Society paying an annual membership fee of one dollar or upwards.)

THE LOST GENERATION

We are the women who live
Barren as the blossoms
Of a fruitless tree, in full maturity.
Bereft of youth, and the right of womanhood.
The children that we might have borne
Blood of our blood, muscle, sinew, bone,
Lift shadowy arms in silent supplication
Before our war-like creeds.
We are the aftermath, the glow
Of that bright flame, the angry torch
That lit the path to Flanders Calvary,
Now sputtering feebly as a candle
Flickering its light within a draughty hall.
We die as futile as we lived.

VERA MCKIM

The Canadian Forum

Trouble in the Woods

By E. NEWTON-WHITE

THE Ontario Government is investigating labour conditions in the woods camps of Northern Ontario. It is an inquiry which was strongly recommended by thoughtful observers early last winter when a series of strikes affected many of the centres of bush operations from North-Western Quebec to the Head-of-the-Lakes.

Although the trouble was ostensibly settled in general by the middle of December, there have been continued rumblings of disturbance ever since that time which would not seem to quiet.

The conditions of the winter of 1933-34 are now history; but if a better understanding among all concerned can be obtained as a result of the investigation—ready for application to the reopening of woods operations next fall—the delay can be disregarded.

The issue is no light matter to any interest concerned: the province, labour, the industry, and society in general. That there was cause for friction may be taken for granted. To what extent and in what direction is a matter of extremely efficient and unbiased inquiry. The forest products industry is one of the most important in our economy, and in its woods operation aspect, particularly, has the peculiar and invaluable advantage, in these times, of being one of the least susceptible to the influence of mechanization. Man power and manual skill will be the predominating factor of logging as long as a tree remains to be felled in our forests. Any question of labour welfare, therefore, has much significance today.

The lumber industry, one of the first to suffer the effects of the economic intemperance of the post-War period, is now one of the first responding to remedial treatment, and its woods operations have already had a decided influence on the unemployment and relief situation in the north-country. The industry must not be subjected in the slightest degree to such a hindrance as an unwarranted addition to its labour costs at a time when labour goes begging by the hundred thousands and the industry itself faces an extreme severity of foreign competition.

But neither should the foregoing considerations be permitted to be a lever of unfair advantage and profiteering through low wages and inadequate provision for the workers' welfare. The record of the industry is unfortunately not such as would bar this out as an impossibility.

It is true that the demands of the modern woods-worker are for privileges which would appear fantastic in the light of the practices of early lumbering days, or even of twenty years ago. But times have changed, and gone are the old lumber-jacks and such conditions as were found in the days of the 'caboose' camps. Cooking, eating and sleeping were effected in one crowded building, and men speared their food with a jack-knife from a common pot and sat back to eat it from an unwashed dish

held on their knees on the 'deacon seat' at the foot of their lousy, muzzle-loading bunks, amid an atmosphere thick with the reek of unwashed bodies, blankets and wet socks. Gone, that is, from the big operators camps, and those of self-respecting concerns large or small.

The big companies themselves brought about the change, mostly during the boom of the industry after the War, when labour was scarce. That was when the individual bushman, sensing his importance and novel power, took to himself an independence which had force to be studied. But the improvement was never brought about nor upheld by the organized planning and influence of the woods-working class itself, as were similar advances by trades unions in other occupations. It is not surprising, therefore, if, with a reversal of the relations between the job and the man, deterioration tends to creep in.

One important feature of the present situation, however, is now quite uncomplicated. So far as health conditions are concerned, and supposing these to be legitimately in question, an efficient standard has been adopted; and the machinery for its observance is so fully in existence at the expense of the public, if there is slackness it is the responsibility of the Department concerned, in which case the remedy is obvious.

The wage question is a more delicate and involved matter. It is probably impossible for the industry now trying to rehabilitate itself to pay the wages which sound economic practice would demand. It is better to have a functioning Canadian forest products industry with low wages than to surrender to foreign competition and have neither. But whether an equality of sacrifice is being made in the attainment by a corresponding cut in investment earnings and executive salaries is something into which inquiry is scarcely contemplated now.

Whether it is being legitimately used or not, the situation is a ready handle for claims for low labour costs and reduced timber dues; both ultimately at the expense of the country in general. Actually, the present monthly wage—from twenty-eight to thirty-five dollars—under current conditions compares not at all unfavourably with the twenty-eight to fifty dollar rates paid in 1928 when the economic picture appeared as vastly different. The phenomenon of a difficulty in obtaining bushmen, which really obtained last winter in northern centres where unemployment was rife, was due not to the unattractiveness of camp life and wages but the rival attraction of direct relief.

In the development of local friction and discontent the piece-work system of pay is playing a large part and has been a bone of contention and a controversial issue ever since its inception a few years ago. To discuss it would mean going into details of timber and weather conditions, manual skill and the human element, impossible here. Suffice it to say that one man or one gang, working under apparently

similar conditions, will make good money where another incurs debt. Such is the human element. Another factor is the physical impossibility of ensuring uniform earning opportunities. Timber types vary in such a variety of manner on the smallest as well as large areas. Short trees, long trees, thick stands and scattered; good footing, bad; and so on. In the same bush a good day's work or a week's work may be followed by a spell of bad; perhaps for weather or perhaps for timber. Steady work, merging the good with the bad over a considerable period, evens up the score when the basis of pay is fair, but the situation can be productive of much dissatisfaction. The newspaper claims of inadequate pay for piecework, based on the statements of transient workers, are valueless in forming an opinion of the wage question without a technical inquiry into the individual cases. Notwithstanding its drawbacks the piece-work system has come to have an accepted place in bush work, finding support on both sides.

For the complaint of exorbitant charges for board a reasonable basis may well be found in many cases by an inquiry. Except for camps where transportation of supplies is more than ordinarily costly, one dollar per day per man is out of reason at present food prices. Even the seventy-five cent rate at which some of the disputes in this regard are reported to have been settled may be doubted as being fair. At any rate, very excellent board, well served, is being supplied in other types of camps for less. At the same time it should be recognized that the modern camp worker, as a class, demands a food standard far in advance of his earning powers. A result is seen in a family bread-winner sitting down to a camp table furnished in quantity and variety far better than the best commercial hotel in the average town, while his earnings support his distant dependents on fare which may be quite inadequate. As a matter of fact, many an oldtimer and family man would gladly board himself at a fraction of camp cost and save the difference, were it not impossible.

In the matter of medical care there is little doubt that grounds for complaint do exist in instances. The presence of favouritism, graft and negligence has been admitted, and sometimes is in plain evidence. Not universal, indeed, but sporadic. In justice to the majority of medical men in camp practice who are honest and public spirited enough to insist on the observance of health regulations and who do the full duty for which they contract without resort to questionable practices in augmenting income, thorough attention should be given this point.

The greatest responsibility for all real causes of friction between the industry and its employees, however, will most likely be found among the contractors and jobbers. The light of publicity which beats upon a big company makes even the most autocratic defer to public opinion more or less, and its resources make the cost of strict observance of social regulations an insignificant matter. But the contract system of logging is altogether different. Contracts may be sub-let and then sub-let again, and in the process the check of responsibility be-

comes much diluted, whereupon abuse enters.

The individuals in the contract and sub-contract chain, to obtain their profit, must drive the hardest possible bargain with those below, and before the final contractors, the actual bushmen are reached, the abstraction of profits from the original price has left it at a point where legitimate profits are almost out of the question, and evasion of regulations, petty graft and various forms of chiselling are sometimes resorted to. Thus it is that, in the sanitary relation, conditions of filth, vermin, overcrowding and lack of medical services may be found as bad as any which camp history can show.

Coming to the active and vocal expressions of dissatisfaction of the woodsmen we have a condition where care is necessary in forming an opinion or injustice may be done. As in many other economic, political and social issues of today, justified criticism and complaint is often withheld because of the unwelcome association it makes (or its opponents impute) with radical and extremist elements. Many a common-sense citizen, working under unfair conditions will refrain from protest because of the company in which he would automatically find himself. On the other hand the operator has a weapon of considerable effectiveness in dismissing all complaints as due to Red agitation.

The extreme element on both sides becomes evident in the charges levelled when relations are strained. The man who worked hard for so many months and came out in debt; or he who was given a blanket in which a corpse had been wrapped, are examples on one side. On the other are the references to the 'pay of Moscow', and the whispering attacks; 'they are planning to loot the stores!'

In the disturbances of the early winter an encouraging feature was the restraint mostly exhibited by the strikers. The Rouyn affair, probably the worst, was given much publicity by the spectacular aerial transportation of over eighty arrested men to a distant jail; a sky joy ride at the public expense which they most likely thoroughly enjoyed, especially the seventy who went free back to camp.

But so far as professional agitators are to blame for these demonstrations the police forces are the best auxiliary to any inquiry and any proven work of theirs should be punished to the limit. The urge which prompted bushmen in so many different localities to leave the shelter of the camps to tramp long distances to risk the uncertain accommodation provided in not-too-sympathetic towns in the depth of one of the most severe winters ever experienced in the north country must surely betoken either very effective agitation or genuine grievance, or both.

The investigation is overdue and vital. The sheep and the goats must be separated, and they are on both sides. For the benefit and good name of good operators, good workmen, good contractors, doctors and inspectors, a very thorough and impartial inquiry is an absolute necessity.

The issue may be greater than appears. The welfare of every industry and the value of sound public relations in this time of recovery but also of stress are matters of national concern.

The Shavian Hegira

By D'ARCY MARSH

THE change which took place in Shaw somewhere about the time when he completed *Candida* has never been identified or explained. Frank Harris got close to explanation, but he failed because he was Frank Harris and approached the problem of Shaw's complex personality with the subtlety of an amphibious tank.

Yet a change took place, palpable to anyone familiar with Shaw's works, and every time *Candida* is performed with an approach to perfection the poignancy of that change is manifest. To see Katharine Cornell in this play is to become profoundly conscious of the dramatist Shaw might have been, and was for that brief period when his creative powers blossomed into maturity and before his emotional arteries hardened.

It is difficult, now, to write easily of Shaw, for as a social theorist he is notoriously *passé* and it is a fashion to dismiss his intellectual gymnastics as unworthy of analysis. Yet the fundamental problem of why Shaw became the man he did become, instead of following the red flame which burned so steadily in the one human drama he has produced, remains unexplained and must be left to the impersonal mercies of the psychoanalyst.

From an empirical point of view, however, *Candida* has never been accorded the interest which its relation to the author warrants. One senses that the drama of the struggle between two clearly defined types, between Morell, the clergyman whose weakness is an overdose of British pluck, and Marchbanks, the young poet whose intellectual and emotional strength have made of him a social weakling, was forged in the fires of an emotion through which Shaw himself had passed, and which imparted to *Candida* a structural purity alien to the remaining body of his works. In this sense the play—as all great plays must be—is autobiographical. That is to say, although in the course of writing it Shaw attained the objectivity without which creation is impossible, he succeeded in making it compatible with Wordsworth's definition of poetry: it is an emotion, re-collected in tranquillity.

All this is lay surmise, but there is surely much to give credence to the theory. Shaw has often spoken to us through his characters. He is the eccentric social critic who built a spurious duchess out of the raw materials of *Liza Doolittle*; he is the irrepressible Dubedat of *The Doctor's Dilemma*; he is the Elder who incanted his belief in dynamic change to the perplexed mortals of *Too True To Be Good*—and he speaks with the lips of other still-born children of his barren fertility. But is it not possible that he is really Marchbanks—Marchbanks overstuffed with the love for which the world is yearning, stifled by the perfection of dreams, between whom and fulfilled desire is thrust the flaming sword of reality? Or, rather, that he was March-

banks before the fires went out?

At least it is an interesting theory, and it would explain that long vegetarian pilgrimage from the relative humanity of his early enthusiasms to his present ubiquitous position as the world's itinerant mascot. He is now an old man removed from the vicissitudes of passion, but, unlike those of many other old men, his evening lacks a sunset: it possesses the austerity of a morning in winter. He flits from Lady Astor's country house to the Kremlin, and back again, a lonely imp, too self-contained to share the hatreds over possession which are the heritage of a predatory race and glorying in his splendid isolation. It is as if his experiences have left his virginity intact because Marchbanks, within him, recoiled from inferior reality and left G.B.S. to go through the motions of passion with Shavian detachment.

Candida herself emerges as the final proof of this theory, if proved it can be. One glances over the list of Shaw's women characters, but none, except *Candida*, is stamped with the author's emotional zeal. Each—from Liza of *Lisson Grove* to Joan of *Domrémy*—is a specimen stuck with a pin: each represents aspects of femininity, impersonally chronicled. Joan, it is true, brought a lump to the throat when played by Julia Arthur, but one felt that the cathedral bells of her voice construed Joan far from the purpose of the part itself.

Candida—and, though it is really irrelevant here, especially *Candida* allied to Katharine Cornell—is a different matter. *Candida*, who would have given herself to Marchbanks as she would give her cloak to a beggar, whose warm, half-comprehending wisdom put cold intellect to shame, is of the very fibre of the play itself. *Candida*, who knew the wisdom of Marchbanks' bid for her—“my weakness, my desolation and my heart's need”—and who recognized, at the same time, her husband's fear of truth and the secret in the poet's heart—*Candida* has no place on that rogue's gallery of half-truths which is Shaw's mental harem.

The criticism might be levelled at the play that one would not find *Candida* in the home of an unimaginative and pompous parson, with socialistic urges he does not understand, that this place has not an atmosphere conducive to the flowering of such womanhood. The answer is that one does not find *Candida* anywhere. One merely looks for her and sometimes, disastrously, invests lesser women with her superlative qualities. She is the embodiment of that yearning for perfection in woman which robs our most precious moments of their completeness, and which visits the fullness of its wrath upon the Marchbanks of the world.

Shaw's *Candida* stands out in bright contrast to the dreary barrage of endearing epithets with which he bombarded Ellen Terry. And that he, convicted puritan of contemporary literature, should have done this thing may not be so incredible as many would imagine. It may be, simply, an explanation of that long and solitary journey which he has taken, away from the tents of men.

These Insignificant Budgets

By DONALD CHALMERS MACGREGOR

IT is no longer possible to isolate the problems of public finance from other economic questions in the nineteenth century manner. For the century and a half before the Great War the operations of public finance were treated as quite independent of other circumstances. The more or less destructive effects of new taxes were analyzed apart from the compensating effects of spending the proceeds. Whatever the state of trade, it was taken for granted that the treasury could preserve its financial strength by following the ordinary practices of private business. That the soundness of the treasury might ultimately be dependent upon trade policy, or on central bank policy, or on the largeness of the government's own expenditures, on the rate of foreign exchange or on the control of wages never troubled the pre-War students of finance. Nor did it need to trouble them, for as long as the proposition of the national income passing through the hands of the State was small, the effects of taxing and spending and borrowing upon the general prosperity could be safely neglected, while the necessity of stabilizing the national income by minimizing booms and depressions was naturally given very little thought in a period when the length of these disturbances was short and knowledge of them was scanty.

The starting point in every discussion of modern budgetary problems must be a consideration of the national income, a part of which is diverted by governments to be spent for public purposes. We are concerned not only with the absolute amount of the national income, but with the shares received by employees, by capitalists and by farmers. If, when the national income falls during a depression, the share received by one of these groups should decline more rapidly than the share received by some other group, then the taxpaying capacity of the group which suffers most declines more rapidly than the taxpaying capacity of the group which suffers least. The outstanding tendencies of the past few years can be gathered from the following table:

TABLE I
(in Millions of Dollars)

I	II	III	IV	V
	Certain Wages and Salaries	Income from Bond Interest	Income from Dividends	Farm Income
1928.....	6,218	1,477	350	184
1929.....	6,038	1,590	366	238
1930.....	5,313	1,433	378	284
1931.....	4,291	1,196	385	226
1932.....	3,520	943	414	164
1933.....	3,300	810	419	131
				430

*This column includes roughly two-thirds of all wages and salaries received, judging from the returns of the 1931 census.

From the above table it will be seen that the national income, which is the aggregate of all personal incomes and undispersed corporate incomes derived from work done or from property owned in

Canada (not to be confused with government revenues), has shrunk to about one-half of its former amount. Wage and salary payments have declined almost in proportion to the decline of income as a whole, though there is reason to believe that if all the wages and salaries paid by governments, banks, insurance companies and other commercial concerns were known, the total shown in column II would not have declined quite so fast as the income of the populace at large, because employment and wages have been more steadily maintained in the above groups for which no figures are available. The money income of bondholders has risen steadily during the depression, in spite of a certain number of defaults on interest payments. Bondholders are now getting more than twice as large a share of the national income as they did before the depression, and their taxpaying capacity has been correspondingly well maintained. The holders of common and preferred stocks, when taken as a group (shown in column III), have lost just as much as the recipients of wages and salaries. Some shareholders, like many wage earners, have, of course, lost all of their income, while others are more in the position of the bondholders and are receiving as large incomes as ever.

When taken as a whole, the income of agriculture (column V) has declined more than any other division, being less than one-third of the normal income before the depression. In contrast with the unhappy position of agriculture, the position of gold mining has steadily improved due to the stable selling price of gold in the first two years of the depression, and the gradually mounting premium since September, 1931. The taxpaying capacity of the gold mining industry, particularly of the richest mines, has steadily risen during the depression, and so has the taxpaying capacity of the shareholders.

The tendencies shown in the foregoing table may be summarized by saying that there has been a sudden redistribution of the shares of Canada's dwindling national income received by the principal groups. Some groups have gained, and some have lost. Within each group, but particularly among the receivers of wages and dividends, many individuals have lost the whole of their incomes, while others have continued to receive as much as before. When allowance is made for a decline of about 20 per cent. in the cost of living, all those individuals who are still receiving as many dollars of wages, salaries, dividends or bond or mortgage interest as they received in 1929 are considerably better off than before the depression began.

Thus the burden of the depression has been most unevenly spread throughout the community. Some have lost much, some have gained much. This is true of every depression, but as a rule the fortunes of the various groups are not nearly so violently disturbed, and such disturbance as occurs is soon

offset by the revival of prices, employment and dividends which comes with returning prosperity. But if prices and employment do not revive significantly after the present depression (and with the present outlook there is every reason to believe that they will not), then a more or less permanent redivision of incomes, purchasing power and taxpaying capacity has been forced upon the country, enriching some and impoverishing others. Probably this revision, if it continues for long, will prove to have been even more violent (and more harmful to our social and economic system) than any redivision which a socialist government could have put into effect.

* * *

THIS decline and redistribution of the national income which has been outlined in the foregoing section is of fundamental importance to an understanding of the financial problems of Canadian governments. It can be studied more intelligently in conjunction with the following table which shows the redistribution of the national income between public and private uses as well as some other relevant information.

TABLE II
(in Millions of Dollars)

Columns II and III show diversions to and incomes arising from public sources. Column IV shows the decline of private incomes derived from making capital goods.

	I	II	III	IV
				Total bond
	National money income	taxation all govts. (1)	interest paid all govts. (2)	Construction contracts awarded
1928.....	6,218	739	178	472
1929.....	6,038	756	190	576
1930.....	5,313	698	222	456
1931.....	4,291	690	245	315
1932.....	3,520	say 670	260	132
1933.....	3,330	say 270	97	

(1) includes net revenue from liquor monopolies.

(2) excludes interest earned by revenue-producing enterprises.

An examination of the foregoing tables shows that there has been a redistribution of income, not only between employees, farmers, bondholders and stockholders, but between public and private uses. The share of the national income which is diverted by the various governments (either by taxation or borrowing) and then paid out to the citizens by them has grown considerably, or, in the Russian terminology, the percentage of socialized (or public) to non-socialized (or private) income has increased. In addition to this change in the proportions of income received by the Canadian people from public and private sources, there has been a serious decline in aggregate amount of those incomes derived from making durable goods such as houses, factories, power plants, bridges, roads, office buildings and so on, shown in column IV.

Substantial citizens, financial newspapers, leading business men and bankers, as well as Chambers of Commerce and ratepayers' associations such as the Bureau of Municipal Research, look with horror upon the rising proportion of taxation shown in the second column of table II. They forget that

the chief obstacle to reducing taxation is the burden of interest payments to be made on government bonds, which they insist shall be continued without abatement. They oppose the general conversion of the public debt as breach of contract, and clamour for expensive public works in order to keep their factories and stores open. In one breath they call upon the governments to reduce expenditures in proportion to the decline in national income, and in the next breath they insist that those expenditures be maintained or even increased. Such is the consistency of Canada's financial wizards.

The four or five obstacles to reducing government expenditures other than interest charges were outlined by the writer in a lengthy survey of the financial situation published in *THE CANADIAN FORUM* of March, 1933, so there is no need to repeat them here. It should be emphasized, however, that if by some devil's magic the total government expenditures could be reduced in proportion to the fall in the national income, without at the same time reducing the payments of bond interest, *there would not be enough revenue left over to provide more than one-half of the governmental services and premiums and allowances now provided for the Canadian people.* Or to put it in other words, there would not be enough left over to provide even the essential services of federal and provincial governments, neglecting altogether the services rendered by municipalities, which would require another 150 million dollars. These statements are made advisedly, on the assumption that drastic new economies are effected in order to bring down the cost of governmental services, and that no capital expenditures whatever are undertaken.

* * *

HERE is a widespread impression that the finances of the provinces are in a worse position than those of the Dominion. As far as the ability to float new loans is concerned, this is true, but from the standpoint of balancing budgets and putting an end to further borrowing, most of the provinces seem to be in a stronger position than the Dominion. The credit of the Federal Government has been sustained chiefly by the fact that it is the sovereign authority, possessing unlimited taxing powers and a reservoir of credit under the Finance Act. But for all practical purposes these exclusive privileges of the Federal Government do its position more harm than good. They enable it to add to its responsibilities without limit, but they have not thus far been used to help to carry the added weight of the resulting debt.

* * *

SINCE the eighteenth of April, when the Federal budget was brought down, everyone has been asking, 'What do you think of the budget?' There is only one sensible answer to this question, 'Of what importance is the budget, when so many other things are neglected? How can one form an intelligent opinion of the budget until one knows whether the Government is going to adopt a deflationary or an inflationary policy, an isolationist or an international one?' The fundamental financial

problem is not the revenue, expenditures and debts of governments, but the size of the whole national income and expenditure, the height of the price level and the amount of production and trade and consumption of the whole nation from which the Government derives its resources.

Thus far, the Canadian Government has gambled on the prospects of revival in the United States and elsewhere, which have been counted on automatically to restore the conditions of prosperity in Canada. The Government has taken the attitude that it should not and cannot do anything on its own account about the fundamental problems of finance, production and employment in Canada, and that if only things are left alone the scars of the depression will soon disappear.

Unfortunately the prospects for a restoration of equilibrium through an international rise of prices are waning. This country has put its money on the wrong horse in gambling on a restoration of prices. Canada must now recognize that, whatever policy Great Britain may have advocated in 1932 and 1933, she is no longer favourable to a higher price level and a lower value of her currency abroad. Britain fears that higher domestic prices and a lower gold value of the pound would force France, Germany and Italy off the gold standard and thus enable them once more to compete effectively in her export markets, and she has abandoned her price-cutting programme accordingly. Further, Canada must also recognize that the recovery in the United States seems to have come to an end, at any rate for the time being, notwithstanding the much advertised revival of the automobile industries. The revaluation of gold, which the unsophisticated had counted upon to stimulate an immediate rise of prices, has not of course had any appreciable effect. Altogether, the outlook for a rise in the general level of prices is not nearly so bright as it was a year ago.

The Dominion Government, while gambling on the success of foreign recovery schemes, flatters itself that it is following a shrewd policy of non-interference in economic affairs. This is absurd. The mere fact that the Dominion, together with the many other governing bodies in the country, pays its debt charges and continues to function as a government by maintaining its ordinary services and collecting in taxes almost twice as large a share of the national income as ever before, constitutes an important interference with economic affairs. Indeed, the present activities of government, apart altogether from any deliberate policy of inflation or deflation, are doing a great deal to perpetuate the disequilibrium between prices, costs and debts which prevents economic readjustment in Canada. This is true, notwithstanding the beneficial effect which a continued high level of public expenditure has probably had upon the aggregate national income during a period of crisis.

In contrast with the present policy of drift, which gambles on the waning prospects for an international recovery favourable to Canada, several alternative courses of a positive nature present themselves. Canada can either (1) deflate more or less

uniformly, thus spreading out the burden of the depression over the whole community and partly restoring the buying power of agriculture, or (2) she can effect a measure of controlled inflation associated with control of the foreign exchange markets and the volume of exports, or (3) she can combine the above two policies in the Australian manner.

The present condition of uneven and unregulated deflation is unhealthy enough from a purely economic angle, while from a social and political standpoint it will probably give rise to more social unrest than this country has ever before known. The controlled deflation of Italy, Australia and Germany is far preferable to the Canadian chaos. That steady droning chorus of babbots, which chants the now national refrain of 'natural resources, efficiency, and sacredness of contracts' is wholly irrelevant to the present situation. It does not matter how rich the resources or how great the efficiency of our agriculture, railways, power plants and pulp mills, nor how hard Canadians try to discharge debts contracted in a different world; for just so long as the structure of costs, selling prices, debts and taxes remains unfavourable, just so long will the unemployment of men and machines continue. Unless the balance between costs, selling prices, debts, taxes and purchasing power allows the economic mechanism to be operated at a normal rate, with more or less full employment of capital and labour, the possession of vast equipment and a capable working force is a liability rather than an asset. It is only in a socialistic economy that the present emphasis on efficiency and rich resources is of much importance.

The restoration of equilibrium by a policy of credit expansion or 'reflation' also demands a positive governmental policy, involving the utilization of central bank credit. But serious obstacles to this method lie in the psychology of the pampered Canadian *rentier* and insured classes, and as long as the Government continues so to pamper them, it delays economic recovery. Here then is one of the most foolish aberrations of Canada's great men: the notion that by preserving intact the fortunes of a particular group in the community it is possible to benefit everyone.

As already suggested, the prospects of an international restoration of prices, led by the United States and Great Britain, are becoming more and more uncertain. If so, a Canadian policy designed to raise domestic prices could only be achieved by combining a domestic credit expansion with the pegging of the Canadian dollar at a substantial discount from U.S. dollars and sterling. There is much to be gained by such a policy, but Ottawa lacks the mechanism and the courage to accomplish it. No doubt even an expansive policy of this sort, which could not be pushed beyond a certain point, might have to be combined with the systematic writing down of farm debts in Western Canada.

Such then are the problems and the alternative solutions of them. If no solution is attempted, and international prices do not rise, this country will

find itself at a serious disadvantage when competing in export markets with Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Russia and the United States during the coming years because Canadian freight rates, taxes, and some fixed incomes and wages and salaries will remain at harmfully high levels. In spite of a plentiful supply of savings, little of these will become available for agricultural improvements and for the general development of backward parts of the country except at very high interest rates, owing to the continued impoverishment of the farms.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the present financial problems of Canada far transcend the scope of the Federal budget, it would be a mistake to overlook completely the budget speeches of the last two years. There has been so little in them that is new, that they can be dealt with briefly. Slight curtailments of total expenditure have been made, which nevertheless involved substantial reductions of ordinary administrative expenses. Some minor adjustments in taxation have been enacted. Large increases in debt and debt charges have occurred, and a few conversions of debt to lower interest rates have taken place.

The budget of a year ago discovered the existence of quite a number of excisable commodities which had not hitherto been taxed. Also, it introduced a belated improvement into the collection of the income tax when it compelled the recipients of interest from bond coupons to provide a record of their names and addresses, as a check upon the accuracy of their income tax returns. The first step in the direction of collecting Federal income tax at the source was taken in 1932, with the introduction of a tax of 5 per cent. to be deducted from the interest payable to foreign holders of Canadian bonds. But these minor improvements should not be allowed to obscure the fact that as a measure for securing a balance between revenue and expenditure the budget of 1933 accomplished almost nothing.

The budget presented on the 18th. of last April was even less significant. It was chiefly noteworthy for an appalling administration blunder in the form of the crudest of all taxes, a tax on the gross output of gold, levied without reference to the costs or risks or profits of individual mines. The desirability of a special tax on incomes from gold mining was pointed out more than a year ago in these columns, and an excess profits tax was suggested. If it had been adopted at that time there would have been less trouble now. The modifications of the new tax recently proposed by the Government approximate to a very crude tax of the excess profits type, which can be evaded by the simple expedient of refraining from paying out dividends. As far as the writer knows, no special provisions have been made to cover the peculiar cases of those mines which produce gold as a by-product or joint product along with base metals. Their position calls for special treatment. All in all, the delayed imposition and crude form of the tax have resulted in a yield only

half as great as might have been collected. The South African excess profits tax appropriates about 70 per cent. of the increased profits arising out of the premium on gold, without restricting output; the Canadian tax appropriates less than 20 per cent.

The remission of half of the excise on sugar was politically expedient, but probably a reduction of 1 per cent. in the sales tax would have been more stimulating to business, since a remission of the sales tax lightens the load over a great number of commodities and lines of business.

The Government still prefers to borrow from the saving classes instead of taxing them. This is the usual weakness of capitalistic public finance, and sooner or later, with the arrival of a war, for instance, it leads to an indirect form of confiscation by means of currency inflation, so that the saving classes are no better off in the long run.

From the narrow fiscal standpoint the principal defect of Canadian public finance, whether Federal, provincial or municipal, is this: the tax-collecting capacity of governments is less than the tax-paying capacity of the people. This defect is due chiefly to the incompetence of both the Federal and provincial civil service, almost none of whom are properly qualified for administering finances in the post-War world. But the present legislative framework must bear its share of the blame, while the weakness and rustic ignorance of many politicians necessarily hinders the introduction of common sense reforms, especially in the law and administration of the income tax.

The present overlapping of Federal and provincial authorities in Western Canada is still used as an excuse for keeping down the rates in Quebec and Ontario, where four-fifths of the taxable income of the nation exists, and where the moderately well-to-do are virtually untaxed. The inequities of the present Federal tax are a further cause of its low yield, especially the failure to distinguish between earned and unearned income, while the absence of published rulings to ensure uniform treatment of all taxpayers naturally gives grounds for doubting the integrity of the administration.

The low tax-collecting capacity of governments is merely one of a number of phases of incompetent financial administration in Canada. Other examples of incompetence are the obscure, badly classified and often misleading presentations of the public accounts, the large errors made in estimating tax revenues, and the inadequacy of the tax statistics upon which these estimates are partly based. In the latter two defects the Federal authorities are more at fault than the provincial.

But no matter how great these purely fiscal defects may be, they should not obscure the need for a more workable relation between debts, costs and selling prices. Nor should they be allowed to obscure the importance of a more normal distribution of the national income and the necessity for a fuller employment of the nation's labour and capital. These are the ultimate and the determining problems. Public finance is only one aspect of them.

Whither Thou Goest . . .

SIR HERBERT HOLT'S recent sortie into the realm of social and economic theory was quite a revelatory event, probably far more so than he himself realized. He seemed to be in it but not of it.

It is evident that he had no intention of making that sortie, but was driven to make it by the persistence of the special sub-committee of the Parliamentary Committee on Banking and Commerce which went to Montreal to cross-examine him.

It took place at the very end of the sitting, after Sir Herbert, with the aid of Mr. Wilson, general manager of the Royal Bank, had explained the intricacies of the newsprint merger in which he was a prime mover. The conversation at this juncture was illuminating:

Mr. Power: Would you have compulsory co-ordination in the paper business?

Sir Herbert: I should.

Mr. Power: If you have it in the paper business, why not in the power business?

Mr. Wilson: Because the power companies are regulated by public bodies.

Sir Herbert: We are regulated.

Mr. Power: Why not in the boot and shoe business?

Sir Herbert: Because they seem to be able to get along by themselves. Those newsprint fellows have never been able to get along.

Mr. Power: You want government interference with business when you can't get along among yourselves.

Sir Herbert: That is not fair.

It is difficult to tell why it was not fair. It was a perfectly reasonable, and by no means insulting, suggestion. Sir Herbert's interest in the question of government interference, or no government interference, is purely utilitarian. The question is, what good will interference do him? If it looks like being beneficial, then heigh ho for interference! If it looks like hampering him, away with it!

Contrast this attitude with that of a doctrinaire, free trade Liberal—say an Ontario farmer! The mere mention of control or socialization brings to his mind visions of slavery and provokes within him an emotional opposition.

Contrast it also with the point of view of today's radical—who sees in even apparently harmless industrial and commercial freedom the seeds of eventual exploitation.

Yet at the present time Sir Herbert occupies a curious position in the public mind. He is not merely one of the pillars of St. James Street. He is more than that. Large, taciturn, surrounded by the traditional insignia of the very biggest business, he has become for many the fearful embodiment of reaction. As incapable of visualizing the enemy of their happiness in the impersonal terms of a system as the African black is of picturing an immaterial god, most people, like the black, turn to a ju-ju; and Sir Herbert can conveniently be construed into such.

The foregoing extracts from the official report of his cross-examination show that it is really a misconstruction. He is not necessarily a reactionary from the intellectual point of view. He exerts an influence which is almost always reactionary in its character, but that is because it is materially expedient for him to do so. It is difficult for those who do not possess it to understand the workings of the practical and predatory mind, and especially difficult for social and economic theorists. They concede promiscuously to everybody the power of generalization and an interest in the economic trend. But that mind exists and its possessors are still dominant.

Its stronghold is in the world of the Holts—the 'club' of financial dictators which he mentioned, rather proudly, before the committee. And St. James Street—with its bustle and arrogant confidence, its proclamations of continuing solidarity, its vast imperviousness to the currents of contemporary thought—is a symbol, not of reactionary belief, but of no belief at all. It is the logical development of the pioneer spirit in a land which has lost its last frontier—the spirit of boundless individual endeavour, of 'log cabin to White House, newspaper boy to Wall Street baron'. And from a psychological point of view, it is interesting to speculate upon the extent to which the men of St. James Street realize that they are moving into the twilight of the epoch which threw them up, that the pioneer spirit, unsuitable to any but pioneer communities, is dying of its own too much.

Perhaps they do not realize that ideas—which they invest with a sort of commodity value, turn into weapons for the acquisition or retention of immediate possessions—have always in the long run prevailed. Or perhaps they know this and estimate, with a cynical honesty, the length of time that is left to them before the deluge.

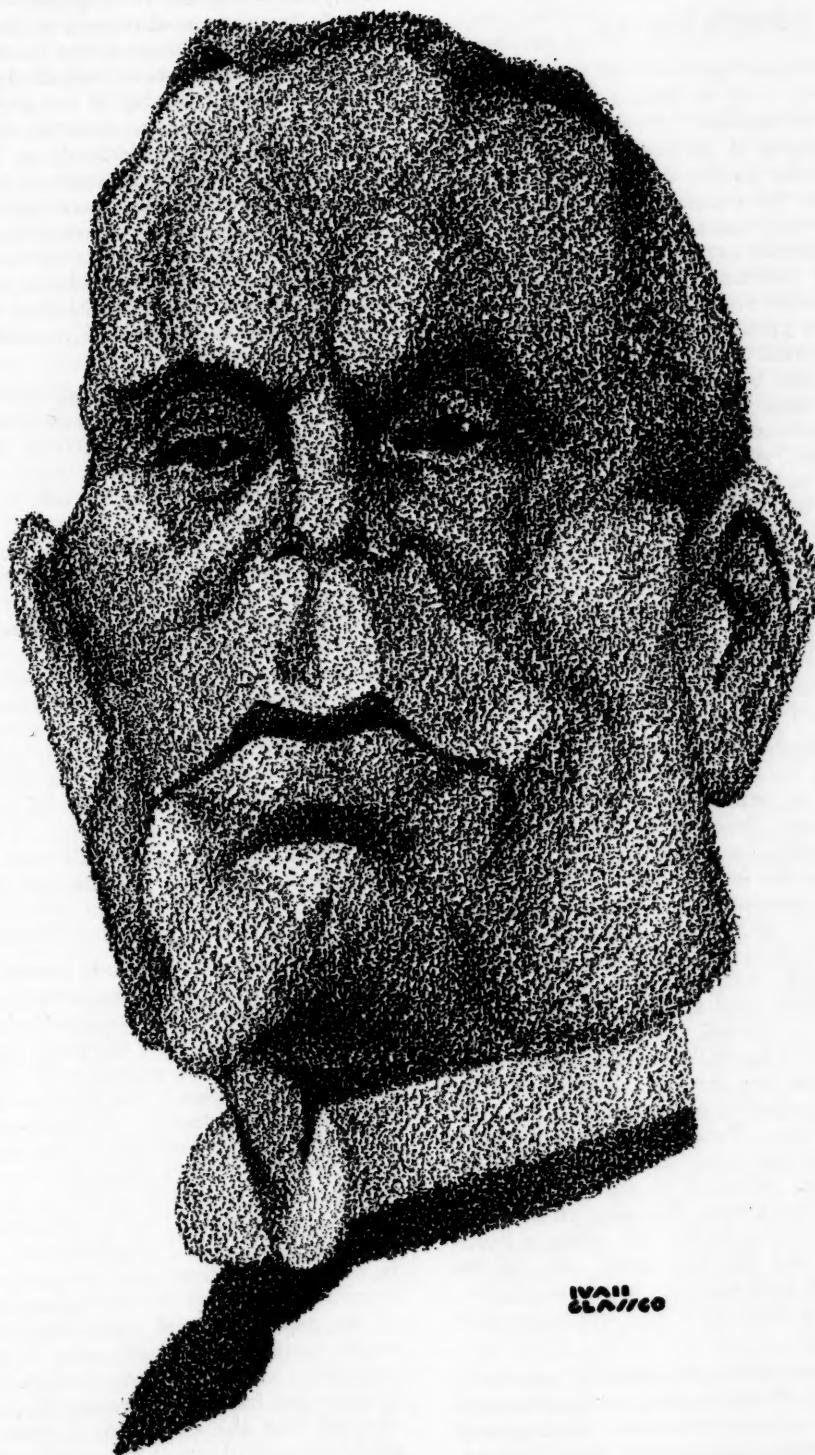
D'ARCY MARSH.

GORGE DU CHAUDERON

Listen—in all this plangent Alpine water
That pours in argent down the rocks
And rounds an olive cheek on the moss—
No voice in all these lovely voices talks
With the explicit splash and tinkle of thine.
And of these ferns that roll a crystal tear
To petal-point in the pool below,
Sapin or sycamore that columns sheet
To meet the cliff,—in all, no one remembers
How you went delicately along the glen,
Touching a frond, a satin bole, a flower,—
Who now are vanished from the walks of men!

CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS





Religion and the Property Complex

By GEORGE McLURE

At the first casual approach the terms religion and property seem to belong to isolated departments of thought. However fashionable the later expressions of its practical aspects may become in particular circles, the venerable conception of religion in the common mind is that of another worldly prepossession, a spiritual search for a complete reassurance against what has been called the fundamental insecurity of life. Contrasted to this idea, the concern for property, which is at bottom a concern for present bodily comfort, seems to be quite an irrelevant affair. Yet some relationship is made very evident by the considerable amount of expressed antagonism between schools of thought connected with economics on the one hand and religion on the other. And this controversy is apt to be fanatical, for one side to it obviously fears an undermining of its essential position and the other side sees comfort being given to its own particular enemies. It is around the points of relationship that careful thought should be directed. For though the value of fanaticism in the propagation of opinion cannot be denied, significant elements of ideology may be overlooked or even suppressed in the heat of forceful assertion. There is room for a just examination even within a frankly biased view.

The explicit economic theorizing which seems most agreeable to the larger bodies of organized religion appears to be centred about the idea of individual independence. Presumably this is due to the emphasis which religious thought places, wittingly or otherwise, upon the fact of ultimate spiritual isolation. Attitudes occasioned by concern for the salvation of souls and the need for a unique personal adjustment and effort in the upbuilding of character seem to be carried over into thought about the labour for sustenance and shelter. The individual is related directly to the soil, though biological facts like the incapacity of the child and the special functions of motherhood are forcefully allowed. In fact, the primordial organization of the family is accepted as the practicable unit. The word Man is not a mere figure of speech in this view. It means exactly the adult human male. When it is argued that man must own profitable property, the intention is simply that the male head of a family can obtain a livelihood for himself and his dependents only by the actual possession of land and tools which are inalienably his own to use while he is able and to transmit at death to his sons.

This is, of course, a true statement of conditions in a primitive agricultural community, and remains a general truth even when a considerable degree of specialization in labour has evolved. But in an advanced industrial community, with an economy mainly based upon the exploitation of mineral and other natural resources and their large scale manufacture, it is surely fair to say that the argument is

no longer sound. Even in a semi-agricultural country which is generally above the peasant standard of living, it is sound only for the independent farmers. Except for a minority of the population the individual is no longer related directly to the soil; and even if the term profitable property be extended beyond its original intention to include all those forms which an urban people employ in the production of consumable wealth such as material, tools, machinery, plant, and so on, it is obviously no longer true that the individual can earn a livelihood only by means of personal ownership. The development of an industrial civilization under commercial management has involved a progressive concentration of ownership, and the converse of this condition is a propertyless majority which earns its individual or family livelihood by the mere sales of muscular and mental skills.

The religious concern for individual independence again clearly appears in the extensive support given to the academic opinion that man has by right an economic liberty of which he may not be deprived; and along with this belief is a fear of the State as an alien agency striving to reduce man to a dangerous dependence upon itself for a livelihood. This opinion and this fear may both be reasonably challenged. Liberty itself is a difficult term to define; but as work is imposed by circumstance, economic liberty must mean freedom to choose that sort of work which may appear to be most fruitful or agreeable. Such freedom would doubtless contribute a great deal to human happiness, yet actually individual occupation is determined by many other factors than that of choice. This must be admitted by any thoughtful observer. Considerable freedom there is for a few with the necessary force and opportunity. But when it is demonstrable that the unrelated activities of these few may disrupt the entire social economy, even their freedom, which does exist, can hardly be upheld as a religious principle.

As to the fearful attitude towards the State, it may be asked why dependence thereon would necessarily be more evil and dangerous than dependence upon a powerful and arbitrary individual. The nature of the State is really bound up with the nature and purposes of the interested groups which organize and control it. While there must always seem something alien about the traditional State, organized by military force for conquest, defense, and the enforcement of order, a democratic State interested mainly in the co-ordination of economic activities would be of a sufficiently different nature to command a general and spontaneous loyalty. An economic State that was an indigenous organization of the productive and consuming interests of the whole society would only give concrete political expression to that economic inter-dependence which is an actual fact. For it cannot be too strongly reiterated that the evolution of economic life from primitive agriculture to advanced industrialism has, in fact, destroyed for the western nations the original individual or family independence.

It may fairly be suggested, then, in the light of these postulates and these actual conditions, that a

re-interpretation of the argument concerning property is in order. Not the individual man, but mankind (or, better, humankind) depends for existence upon the possession of profitable property. This is the basic truth which must always be valid; for consumable goods are necessary to the maintenance of life, and the production of these goods implies the means of production. Not man, but human society, must possess the means of production. And having so shifted the emphasis from the individual to the group, there is no logical corollary that ownership of particular units or aggregates of property must be personal and private. Ultimate consumption is peculiarly an individual matter, and here is a point of distinction which marks off all those goods obtained for personal enjoyment as properly subject to private retention. But scientific production and transportation are seldom individual matters. In the main, they are indisputably co-operative undertakings to the end of a general distribution; and the frequently vast apparatus involved is not amenable to the direct and tangible ownership of those who operate it. While a rigid adherence to the original conceptions results practically in an endorsement of exploitation by a small minority, a juster interpretation would press for a representative ownership in the interests of the general welfare.

This very principle of representative ownership has been vaguely conceived and expressed in certain historical religious suggestions. The early Franciscans in particular, it appears, taught that the fortunate and powerful should regard their personal possessions as being held in trust for the whole society, and consequently as something to be shared with those in want. This was a sincere and ingenious attempt at compromise, and in an age of rampant militarism it was probably the strongest expression of common rights which held any chance of acceptance. But little reflection is needed to show that it is an unsatisfactory compromise at best. For it is an appeal to impulses which can only be rare among the most powerful, and, therefore, leaves too much misery dependent upon evanescent whim. Even where it is largely accepted it must foster such undesirable qualities as cringing servility and shiftless cunning on the one hand, with a certain mean vanity and offensive arrogance on the other. Another objection is that the teaching tends to harden into a definitive doctrine, blind to changing conditions and an increase of social feeling which make possible a bolder and clearer presentation of social principles. This conservative tendency may be explained by the manner in which elaborate institutions become involved with the existing order, but a psychological explanation also serves.

The assumption that progress in civilization requires the drive of personal acquisitiveness for its mainspring is only believed by the exclusion of all contrary evidence from consideration. For their part the greater religious leaders have never believed it. Their attitude towards acquisitiveness seems to be well expressed in the shorter word, greed, and the best of them have cared little or nothing for the sort of progress which it occasions. It has been indicated that the satisfactions of physical existence, no matter

how innocently legitimate, have their inevitable opposites of pain and frustration; and that proportionate to the state of prosperity which may be, is the depth to which affliction may cast down. Indeed, religion in its stressing of certain non-material needs has repeatedly advocated such a life of meagre holdings and curbed desires as seems hardly possible to a rounded human nature. To say the least, it is difficult to recognize any affinity between this ascetic strain and the teaching which ascribes sanctity to the idea of private property, and bolsters it throughout the developments which carry it to absurdity.

If the principle of independent effort and adjustment must be maintained in the matter of conscious relation to the so-called ultimate verities, it does not follow that the same principle may not properly be subordinated to that of co-operation in the matter of practical activity. In fact social evolution appears to run consistently in the direction of that subordination. There is indeed a philosophy which opposes this tendency, and it may be admitted that the weight of its argument is considerable. It is maintained against the value of social co-operation, especially in economic affairs, that racial degeneration will be the outcome of denying to the shrewdest and strongest the natural fruits of their superiority. This is the only sound opposition. It is the fundamental opposition between egoism and altruism. But here religion has already chosen its side. It can hardly endorse individual ruthlessness in the name of the race, confronted as it is by its own traditions of pity, mercy and charity for the weakest of humankind. Yet, it has been shown that mere appeals to the powerful for the appeasement of the struggle must be largely ineffective. It may be added that mere denunciation of the so-called abuses of a competitive economy is also bound to futility, because these are only the consequences of the principles involved.

It has been well said that all of the conflicts between science and religion have been around points of fact. Knowledge of the environment is not a static affair, and resistance to readjustment is natural to those whose central attitude is one of certainty. The core of religious feeling appears to acquire as a wrapping, even as a medium of expression, the practical and material teachings of its time; and coming to regard the latter as a necessary protection it tends to uphold their validity long after disinterested investigation has drastically undermined it. In such a manner, for instance, are certain views in physics or geology upheld until there is a conflict with the physicists or the geologists which can only end in religion yielding the point of fact to those whose special knowledge must be recognized. Soon or late the essential point of faith is distinguished by those so minded, and this is then adjusted to a truer setting. It is only reasonable to suggest, then, that as it has been with physical, geological and other scientific views, so it must be eventually with economic views. Religion may have a lingering regard for the economy of feudalism or a profound respect for the economy of liberal commercialism, but here, too, it must concede the right of way to special thought and to actual facts.

A Note on Johnson

By W. A. BREYFOGLE

SAMUEL JOHNSON died one hundred and fifty years ago. Even without the occasion of this anniversary he would be worth calling to mind. It is a tribute that, after a century and a half, and in a world, it would seem, increasingly careless of the past, there should be no need to explain who he was and what he did. No doubt it is true, as of many others, that books about him are more widely read than the books he wrote. But, in Johnson's case, that is not wholly to be deplored. Whatever his services to language and literature, it is the man and his life that best repay study. And if to-day Boswell has more readers than *The Rambler*, it is as great a compliment to Johnson as to his best biographer.

Throughout his long life he was torn by the struggle between an overflowing vitality and a deep-seated melancholy. Both were constitutional, too early and too firmly implanted to be subdued, and too strong to be reconciled. Poverty and constant ill-health were against him from the beginning, and they bred obsessions that more than once threatened his sanity. That he died full of years and honours instead of miserably, like poor Savage, was the mark of a double triumph. More than any other man, it was Johnson who, by his own example, made literature an honourable profession, no longer to be served by drudging hacks or by trifling gentlemen of leisure. And, year by painful year, he won his personal victory over the accidents of birth and circumstance.

This long struggle, and all it involved for Johnson, is easy enough to follow now. But to his contemporaries, even to the discerning Boswell, it was often obscure. On May 9th, 1773, Boswell met his friend at Sir Robert Chambers', in the Temple. The talk turned on a will Chambers had been drawing up for Bennet Langton. This was a young man of wealth, leisure and preposterous gravity. At the mention of his making a will Johnson laughed immoderately. He exclaimed to Chambers, 'I hope you have had more conscience than to make him say, "being of sound understanding"; ha, ha, ha! I hope he has left me a legacy. I'd have his will turned into verse, like a ballad.'

This eccentric behaviour mystified the lawyer who was their host. He showed some impatience to be rid of them. 'Johnson could not stop his merriment,' Boswell says, 'but continued it all the way till he got without the Temple-gate. He then burst into such a fit of laughter that he appeared to be almost in a convulsion; and, in order to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot pavement, and sent forth peals so loud that in the silence of the night his voice seemed to resound from Temple-bar to Fleet-ditch.'

What did it mean? Johnson had been sick earlier that day, and had had to withdraw from a dinner at General Paoli's. Illness always brought on the torment of black depression. He was an old man, and, looking back upon his life, there was little

happiness for him to remember. And here was young Langton, with everything Johnson had been denied, here was Langton soberly making provision for death! The contrast was grim enough, but it was ludicrous, too. He never put his sharp feeling into words. But it went echoing forth on the gale of his outraged laughter that night into the stillness of sleeping London.

Even in the latter part of his life accessions of violent melancholia seized upon him. From his early years until he was fifty-three, sheer poverty had kept Johnson hard at work. Then, in 1762, he was granted his pension, of three hundred pounds a year. The *Dictionary* alone was worth more than that to the nation, but the pension seemed a godsend. Yet hard work had been an anodyne of sorts, and leisure was not all he had hoped for. Speaking of his time at Oxford, he once told Boswell, 'Ah, Sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolick. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority.' Not only was he poor; in a diseased and ungainly body he had a sensitive spirit and an acute mind. Free from immediate monetary cares, he wanted above all else the companionship and the liking of his friends. That was what he understood by pleasure. But he had not the training, and perhaps not the temperament. Of the utmost humility when confiding his thoughts to his Diary, he had been 'mad and violent' among others too long to leave off now. His reputation was established, for arrogance as for literature. He was a celebrity and, even with Boswell or the Thrales, it was inevitable that he should be on exhibit. What the pension seemed to put within his reach, the legend, which he had himself helped to create, snatched away. There are many references to his gratuitous rudeness. But it was natural enough that he should sometimes revolt against the position that was now thrust upon him.

Yet in his later years, at Streatham, in the Hebrides, and, best of all, in London, he did have moments and whole hours of a qualified happiness. In London he had once been poverty-stricken and homeless and unknown. When he had no money for a bed he used to walk the streets all night with Richard Savage. They kept themselves warm inveighing against Walpole. But now Johnson had the run of the city. He was welcome everywhere. All that could be done by way of contrast with by-gone times was done to make him happy. Early experience was still vivid enough in his memory to make a simple dinner in a tavern a luxury to him. With his personal estate he was content. 'I have never complained of the world' he said, 'nor do I think that I have reason to complain. It is rather to be wondered at that I have so much.' He would have liked his present way of life to continue a great many years. He shuddered at the thought of death.

This is a strange aspect of Johnson's character. Superficially, he is the last man in whom one would expect to find an exaggerated fear of dying. But strong religious convictions, increasing ill-health, the

loss of old friends, all were powerless in the face of his vast desire to go on living. On this point Boswell's best efforts to draw him out elicited only great agitation or impassioned rebuke. It has been noted as a profound weakness in the great moralist. But it goes deeper than any morals. In that clinging to life, even on the rack-rent terms on which Johnson had held it, lay a rebuke to the easy dejection and the fashionable world-weariness of many of his contemporaries, Boswell among them. In both men vitality contended with melancholy. But in Johnson it was the vitality which prevailed.

He died in 1784, with a hard life behind him, and before him whatever is in store for a man who deserves to be called great. What he might have chosen, had the choice been his, we know from a remark Boswell records. There is no reason to doubt its sincerity. 'If,' said Johnson, 'I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation.'

Another

By MAX ROBIN

THEY shuffled and stopped. A voice shrilly chanted a short dirge for the dead. And they moved on—a cluster of men, bearing a man to be buried.

And old man, who had lived little. And he had no sooner ceased to live, than he was divested of life's last garb. They sponged him and arrayed him, crudely shrouded, on the unboarded earth-floor: an exclamation-point form, under sombre-lettered cover, pressing to the earth as to a mother, with head chilled in the waving candle-glow. On a stretcher of laths he was lifted and thrust from his cellar-home: a rather neat and complete little body, reduced by its life—the life that had raised it—to a weight for which its bearers felt grateful.

A life that had spun and unspun itself over a span of four generations. Years of the wholeness of time; faces of men, of the faces of matter inhabiting space. Joys old, and old toils; everything encompassingly old. He had heard of a war, and another, and more wars, waged by the land and other lands of trees and cattle and people, related, yet unrelated, around him. There was this enemy, and that; but who can remember them now? His fame as a diplomat hadn't spread far enough north to the capital, where governments rose and governments fell, deprived of his services—his niche in the intricate scheme of the nation having been filled that day he became a dealer of tar. He had been husband and father, and a God-fearing man, whose faith had never been clouded by doubt nor unclouded by ecstasy—God never clouded nor unclouded in the clouds.

He had been molded of rather rare matter: hard

matter and soft, joined and jointed, infused with the inertia, the thought and vision of matter. And the matter of the earth he had consumed in support of his body-matter, varied from potatoes to onions to bread; and he had eaten of flesh like his own. He had hungered moderately; had never laid hand on a weapon, and never been inside a jail. But his life had fatigued him, and he sighed and yawned as he aged. The world that had been exposed had been the world closed to him by his curiosity, and death distantly awed him; though he had envisaged the gates of heaven flung open to him in the wake of a brief and merciful purgation. He had been resting prior to giving up his restful life, abandoned by the living to his waning silence. The smile of a child had pleased him, and the spear of light which came darting to him through all space from the sun. But he had been annoyed with the light of the lamp and the talk of the house as he dozed and waked in his corner of darkness.

Strangers were they who raced to deliver him back to the earth—intrepid young hustlers who almost make merry as they bury another—again another—and never one of their own. Perplexing, the flight of that black clump of men, with the uplifted stretcher, past hopping old dogs, sniffling and homeless, and homeward-bound men. And the stranger on his way, who has viewed the procession, may feel reassured that again it was another—for ever another—who was being buried.

TO DUST FROM DUST

Dust of the byway, dull and ubiquitous,
Man,—paradoxical,—weeping yet gay.
Dust of the roadway, lifeless, gray,
Trodden unceasingly by the searching, hot feet of
humanity—
Life for a moment makes you Man:
Short is the time-span,—
But as a brief day,—
And you are as dust again, dry dust and clay.
Say then, why, than your brother the flint, are you
harder for vanity?

Dust of the starway, bright, all-embracing,
Walked you here once, your radiance effacing—
Man,—the quixotical, hater yet lover.
Dust of the skyspace, where star-spirits hover,
Studied by wise-men since Eden was left us,
Life in a germ-cell makes of you—Man:
Narrow the space-span,
Smaller than eye can see,
But stars are there, suns are there; God you may
be.
Say then, why is the oracle stilled, if the soul has not
left us?

DOROTHY C. HERRIMAN

Le Bon Dieu

By CLIFFORD DOWLING

A large office desk centre stage, black against a yellow background. On the desk a few books, papers and a telephone. The desk is in the centre of a bright spotlight. Everything outside the circle of light is black darkness. Everything within the circle has the appearance of an ordinary office.

A man is seated behind the desk, pen in hand, writing. He is a big man, dark, impressive, tired looking but virile, over middle age but not venerable. He is busily signing papers when Peter enters from the outer ring of darkness. Peter has a pen in hand and some papers and a ledger under his arm.

God: (Writing, without looking up.) Sit down, Peter. (Peter lays the stuff he is carrying on the corner of the desk and draws up a chair and sits down.) So you have the reports? I'll be through in a minute. (He signs one more paper, sets it aside, lays down his pen and looks up.) Now let us get to work. (Peter draws his papers towards him and opens the ledger.) Where do we start?

Peter: (Looking up and down his columns.) With population, Sir.

God: What! Population! Surely you're not going to plague me with more figures! I thought we went all through that a short while ago.

Peter: We did. But some new problems have arisen since then. Certain sections of the earth have become overcrowded again. We have to find ways and means of reducing their populations.

God: All right. But let us get through the business as quickly as possible. Where does the trouble seem to lie?

Peter: Chiefly in China, Sir. There are 150,000,000 people in the southern part of that country and there isn't room for them.

God: Why not move them to some place where there is room for them?

Peter: The people on the other parts of the earth won't have them.

God: Make them have them.

Peter: If we do that it will interfere with your civilization experiment.

God: Civilization. Ah, that's what I want to take up with you, Peter. How is . . .

Peter: If you don't mind, Sir, we'll discuss that later. It's very important that we get this business of populations straightened out first.

God: Well, well. Proceed, then. Too many people in China. What would you suggest?

Peter: A flood and famine, Sir. We haven't had one in China for several years now. We could reduce the population by two million and that would solve the problem temporarily at least.

God: Is there no other remedy? It seems rather a waste—two million lives.

Peter: Nothing that will fit in at the moment—except, perhaps disease, and that's slower.

God: All right. Make it a flood and famine. But don't let the deaths run any higher than two mil-

lion. (God makes a note on the corner of a pad.) You will look after the flood and famine right away, Peter.

Peter: Yes, Sir.

God: Good. Now, what have we next?

Peter: America and Europe, Sir. The population trouble is beginning to arise there, too.

God: Is it very bad?

Peter: No, nothing to worry about yet. Except in a few cities, there is no overcrowding to speak of. But in the interests of efficiency I think we should take steps to avert the trouble before we come to it.

God: But I thought our new science and civilization were looking after all normal increases of population in both Europe and America.

Peter: Not exactly. It seems that men are making far greater use of our science and civilization than we anticipated. As a result of their misguided and unintelligent use of these things there are, in proportion to births, fewer people dying in the civilized parts of the earth than ever before. It sounds ridiculous, but that's actually what is happening.

God: What about disease? We are still using it to curb population, are we not?

Peter: We are, Sir, but disease is not as effective as it once was. Men are using science to fight it. Take tuberculosis as an example. One hundred years ago it was one of our most effective curbs on population. But what has happened? Men have found ways of combatting it with very considerable success. It was almost painless and, unlike wars, did not greatly disturb your civilization experiment. Lastly, we have had to resort widely to a disease called cancer. It is much more painful and—well, quite unpleasant.

God: And have men learned how to combat it?

Peter: Somewhat, but not to any great extent. However, they are likely to discover an effective remedy any day now.

God: How ridiculous of man. All he can ever be is clever. He exerts the most laudable ingenuity to the stupidest ends. Fancy man putting up such a struggle to live when he has to die anyway, and there are millions more like him waiting to be born.

Peter: It's that instinct of self-preservation, Sir. I always did think it was a mistake.

God: Perhaps, but if man had no desire to survive as an individual he could never have survived as a group. And without the group where would we be with civilization? But it's an old argument, Peter. Let us get on with our work. (The telephone rings.) Answer it, please.

Peter: Yes . . . Oh yes. (Turning to God.) It's Gabriel.

God: (Taking the telephone.) Yes, Gabriel. (Listening for a period.) You say the prayers are persistent? I see . . . Is the young lad guilty? . . . Most unfortunate. But we really can't do anything about it . . . No, I don't. These things simply have

to take their course on earth. If we stopped to right every small injustice we would never get anything done. Don't interfere. And I do wish you wouldn't trouble me with such things. . . . All right. . . . Good-bye. . . . And don't let it worry you. (He hangs up the receiver.) I'm afraid Gabriel is weak. He lets his heart interfere with his efficiency.

Peter: What is it, Sir, if I may ask?

God: An old lady down on earth is praying for her son. Her prayers are most insistent. He is going to be hanged and she wants us to save him.

Peter: Is he guilty?

God: No. That is the trouble. And I'm sorry, of course, even though I realize it is not important. Gabriel should not bother me with such things. We can't interfere with all the petty injustices in the world. It's humanity that matters, not individuals.

Peter: Yes. But it's hard to understand sometimes. It—well, it's the individuals who make up humanity, isn't it?

God: True, Peter, and I know how you feel about these things. You feel that it is all a little futile and unnecessary. Sometimes I think so myself. Perhaps life has evolved too far—and civilization as well. Men are not an iota happier or better today than they were in the beginning. I find myself looking back regretfully to the days when men were fewer on earth, and simpler—when I could talk to them separately and answer their prayers individually.

Peter: We could destroy civilization—bring things back to the beginning.

God: No, Peter, we cannot go back. Civilization has been a great dream with me. I believed that through it I could develop a perfect species—a species that would be self-sufficient and eternal—something that could live on without me. But I am no further ahead now than I was in the beginning. Man makes the same old blunders generation after generation, age after age. The last thing he does is never any better than the one before—only a little cleverer or a little more deft.

Peter: You might start with a new conception.

God: I am weary of new conceptions. In fact, I think I'm weary of everything—wearied of all this futile repetition of births and deaths.

Peter: These discouragements come to one. Later You will feel differently.

God: I wonder! (Leaning forward.) Peter, I want to get away! What's the use of it all. We don't have to go on. Why should we? Lately, as I've been sitting here, I've been thinking of the Light that lies behind this darkness. I've been longing for the Hills that lie beyond the Universe.

Peter: You must take a holiday, Sir. You have been working too hard. Go away for a while. We others will look after things.

God: I want to go away forever. I want to be free. Perhaps I shall.

Peter: But You wouldn't!

God: Why not? What if the world does come to an end? What difference will it make? Haven't we tortured humanity long enough? What good has come of all our experiments? God admits failure in

exchange for freedom. (Dreamily.) The Hills, Peter. To lie there in the Light, with no thought of men or creation. (Straightening up.) Come, let us be done with it. Let the world end. Write it down, Peter. Tell the others. There shall be no more earth.

Peter: But You cannot! Something You have worked on for ages! You must not!

God: Must not?

Peter: I mean it isn't fair to man, no matter how bad he is.

God: He will be better dead.

Peter: But he doesn't wish to die. He wants to live—to go on living.

God: Is God responsible to anyone but God?

Peter: Isn't that responsibility enough? You have said it yourself: that from the humblest man to God, each is responsible to himself for the things he creates.

God: But if the things he creates are bad?

Peter: Man doesn't consider himself bad. To himself he is the measure of perfection—apart, that is, from a few vague muddled conceptions he has of Yourself.

God: Whatever he may think he is still bad.

Peter: You created him. There may be more good in him than You suspect. I have seen glimmerings of intelligence in him and stirrings of divinity.

God: Glimmerings of intelligence? Stirrings of divinity? Surely not!

Peter: But it's true, Sir. Let me bring some men before You so You can see for Yourself.

God: You mean, bring some men from the earth so we can talk to them?

Peter: Exactly. I'll select some of the earth's best men—some of those who have just passed over into eternity—and bring them living before You?

God: Does it matter if they are the best? Surely we can judge as well by the worst as by the best.

Peter: But there are so many of the others—those who are neither the worst nor the best?

God: Are there so many of those?

Peter: Most of them are in that class.

God: That is indeed discouraging. But even so, we can probably judge better by these people than by the worst or best. (Peter looks dubious.) Come, Peter, a man is never so individual in God's sight as his own. Bring some men before me—any men—and I will find out all I want to know.

Peter: Yes, Sir. (He rises and passes out of the circle of light into the darkness. God takes up some papers, starts to read them, tosses them wearily aside, and drops his head in his arms. Peter re-enters the circle of light followed by a clergyman in clerical dress. The man is middle-aged, pompous, conceited. God raises his head.) This is a clergyman, just arrived, the Reverend Benjamin Huntley.

Huntley: How do you do? I don't believe I have the pleasure of knowing you?

God: Probably not.

Huntley: But better late than never. I always like meeting business men. There is something clean-cut about them. You know we clergymen in big churches are something of business men ourselves. We have to be.

God: Undoubtedly.

Huntley: And what is *your* line of business, if I may ask?

God: My line of business? Peter, what would you say was my line of business?

Peter: Shall we say Creation, Sir?

Huntley: Creation! That's an odd one. I presume your secretary means manufacturing.

God: By all means. Manufacturing. I am a manufacturer.

Huntley: Judging by your office I would say you are quite a successful manufacturer.

God: Not very successful, I'm afraid. Some of my products are rather disappointing.

Huntley: No cause for discouragement, really. With times as they are, most manufacturers are finding things difficult. The trouble lies in overproduction. But never fear. You will come through successfully. Keep smiling, trust in God and the darkest clouds will roll by eventually.

Peter: (*Taken aback.*) Sir! Do you know whom you are talking to?

Huntley: Well, no—I'm afraid I don't. I know I should, but I don't seem to be able to remember. Strange. How did I get here and why did I come? Let me see. I think I came here to talk to someone about something important. But I have forgotten—I apologize. (*After a pause.*) Ah, I think I have it. It's altogether likely I came here to speak to you about a donation for our new church. You'll forgive me for this lapse of memory. But I have been ill—very ill. In fact, they told me I couldn't get better. Why I—(*He stops, puzzled and confused.*)

God: You were very ill. And you did not get better.

Huntley: But I am better now. I—(*Alarmed, sensing something unknown.*) What do you mean? What is the matter?

God: Why is he alarmed, Peter?

Peter: He is beginning to realize the truth. Most men become alarmed at the truth.

Huntley: (*Excitedly.*) What truth are you talking about? I want to know at once. I have the right to know if it concerns me.

God: (*Leaning forward.*) Mr. Huntley, you did not get better. You died. You are no longer on earth.

Huntley: Died! No longer on earth! It's absurd. How can I be dead and standing here talking to you?

God: Perhaps it is a little difficult to understand. Shall we say you *were* dead and we called you back to talk to us.

Huntley: It can't be true. This is an office, and you are a man like myself.

God: (*Wearily.*) Look about you, Mr. Huntley, but not with your eyes alone.

Huntley: (*Lowering his head and closing his eyes. After a pause, tremulously.*) It is not an office, and it is not earth.

God: It is not earth.

Huntley: You, Sir. Who are you?

God: Look again. Closely.

Huntley: Then you are—God.

God: I am God.

Huntley: I didn't recognize You. Oh forgive me,

forgive me. Forgive me this and all my sins.

God: (*Surprised.*) Forgive you? Sins? I have nothing to forgive and I am not interested in your sins. I merely wish to ask you some questions.

Huntley: Then I am to be judged?

God: In a manner, yes. But you will be judged as a sample of my handiwork, not as the Reverend Benjamin Huntley.

Huntley: But what of my record on earth—the good and evil I have done?

God: The things you did on earth will be of no importance in Heaven.

Huntley: But I don't understand. It is written in the Bible that we will be judged, and punished or rewarded for the good and evil we have done.

God: Who says that?

Huntley: It's in the Bible, Sir.

God: Bible?

Peter: You remember, Sir. The Bible on earth is a book about God.

God: Yes, yes. I remember now. (*Turning back to Mr. Huntley.*) But let us overlook the Bible for a moment. You needn't worry about good or evil or rewards or punishments. You finished with those things on earth. I have brought you here to ask your opinion on a matter of importance.

Huntley: My opinions have always been God's opinions.

God: I am thinking of destroying mankind.

Huntley: You will bring the world to an end?

God: Possibly.

Huntley: (*Awed.*) Then man is to be destroyed for his sins?

God: Man destroyed for his sins? Certainly not. Man is to be destroyed for God's sins—for God's sin in creating man.

Huntley: But God cannot sin.

God: Call it sin, error, disappointment—it's the same. Everything is relative, even in Heaven. God to man may be perfect, but God to God is another matter. However, that is beside the point. Can you give me any reason why man should not be destroyed?

Huntley: The Bible says 'Thou shalt not kill.' Surely You wouldn't kill man if he hasn't sinned sufficiently to deserve death. It wouldn't be right. It wouldn't be—moral.

God: You say I shall not kill. I say that God is responsible to God alone. Give me your own reasons why man should live, not those you have found in the Bible.

Huntley: (*Earnestly.*) But my reasons for my beliefs are the reasons I have found in the Bible—in Your sacred word.

God: But you must have *some* opinions of your own.

Huntley: My opinions, I hope, are Your opinions, handed down to me through your sacred word. My faith in the Bible has been unshaken by the New Thought and I have accepted humbly all the teachings I have found there.

God: But I am asking you to forget the Bible and give me your opinions as a man.

Huntley: As a man, then,—or rather as a clergyman—I would say that if God so wills to destroy the

earth, then let the earth be destroyed, and if God so wills to save the earth, then let the earth be saved.

God: You have told me nothing.

Huntley: Forgive me if I have displeased You.

God: You haven't displeased me, but through you I have displeased myself. Don't let it trouble you. (*Shrugging.*) I forgive you anything you want to be forgiven.

Huntley: Thank You. I knew you would appreciate my sincerity. I only hope my opinions may be of some help to You. May I add that I have been a humble servant of Thine for many years. I have led Thy children in the paths of righteousness for Thy name's sake. Amen.

God: Quite so. Now you may rest. (*Directed by Peter, Mr. Huntley passes into the outer circle of darkness. Peter returns into the circle of light. God is resting with his chin on his hand, despondent.*)

Peter: There are better men on earth than the Reverend Benjamin Huntley.

God: It is not that there may be none better that troubles me, but that after all these ages there can still be one as bad.

Peter: The others may have a different story to tell.

God: A different story, Peter, or the same story told differently? Well, we shall see. Whom have we next?

Peter: The next is a Mr. George Engleston. On earth he was well known as an atheist. He denied God more zealously than most men worship him.

God: That sounds more hopeful. He must have at least one opinion of his own. Bring him in.

Peter: (*Disappearing into the darkness and returning with a small, nervous man.*) Mr. George Engleston, Sir.

Eng.: I don't believe we have met before?

God: No, Mr. Engleston, and in your opinion, I believe, we never can meet.

Eng.: I'm afraid I don't understand.

God: You are an atheist, are you not?

Eng.: Yes, Sir.

God: Well—I am God.

Eng.: God! What a strange thing to say.

God: Look about and see where you are.

Eng.: Why, I'm in an office, of course.

God: Look again.

Eng.: Why, of course, I'm— (*Stopping abruptly as his eye meets the darkness.*) Darkness! This light! It's queer. (*Leaning over the desk and speaking to God.*) Where am I? What is it?

God: You are no longer on earth. You died and passed over here to meet me. I have some questions to ask you. I am God.

Eng.: Dead! No longer on earth! God! This is some kind of a joke. I don't like it! Don't— please! I never did care for practical joking. This sort of thing is disturbing. Who are you, and why have I been brought here?

God: I have explained that I am God, and you were brought here to answer some questions.

Eng.: But there is no God.

God: (*Patiently.*) God waits before you.

Eng.: (*Emphatically.*) God waits nowhere.

God: He has waited a long, long time, and he is still waiting.

Eng.: Please let us not go any further with this. I don't like it.

God: You are alarmed.

Eng.: Yes, I am. I admit it. There's something queer about this office—about you too, if I may say so.

God: (*As stating a fact about which there can be no doubt.*) You know what it is. You understand.

Eng.: (*Excitedly, emphatically.*) I do not. It isn't true. I tell you there is no God. I can believe anything but that. God? The idea is absurd. Even if there were a God, fancy him sitting at an office desk with papers and a telephone in front of him.

God: And why shouldn't God look as I look and have a desk and telephone such as these? God must appear some way and since man for several thousand years has been trying to make God in his own image, God has been agreeable enough to submit. Do you believe?

Eng.: I do not. For twenty years now I have denied that there was a God and I can't start believing in him now. There is no God. That is the strongest belief I have. (*A pause, after which he speaks more quietly.*) Do you realize that I am president of the Society for the Advancement of Atheism.

God: I am delighted to meet the president of the Society for the Advancement of Atheism. Now, merely working on the supposition that I am God, I want you to answer a few questions.

Eng.: The supposition is difficult, but I'll do my best.

God: I am thinking of bringing the world to an end—of wiping out all the people on the earth. I want you to give me any reasons you know as to why this should or should not be done.

Eng.: Well, I see no reason why it should not be done—providing, of course, you were God and could do it.

God: Good. And why should the world end?

Eng.: The world is cluttered up with superstition. There is no other way of getting rid of this superstition other than by starting over again. As president of the Society for the Advancement of Atheism, I have found that it is practically impossible to get the idea of God out of men's minds. Even some of the members of the Society are afflicted with it. In times of trouble I have known them to go off and pray.

God: Is it so important on earth what men believe about God?

Eng.: It is, certainly. Men must use their intelligence, and intelligent men should know the truth and face it.

God: And what is the truth?

Eng.: That there is no God.

God: True enough. I forgot. Well, then, to proceed; what would you have God do with the world—providing, of course, there were a God?

Eng.: Destroy everyone on it except a few of the most intelligent men and women. With a few of these, free from prejudice and superstition, you

could make a new Heaven and a new earth. But you would have to get rid of Christianity first or you would never get anywhere.

God: Would it make so much difference? I'm afraid we would only get back to where we started from. On earth or in Heaven that is where all roads seem to lead if you follow them far enough.

Eng.: I don't understand.

God: It doesn't matter. I didn't intend you to. Thank you for answering my questions. You may go now.

Eng.: (Puzzled and alarmed.) But where shall I go? I don't remember how I came here or where I am going.

God: Let us say you were asleep, you awoke, and now you are going to sleep again. Peter, show Mr. Englestone the way. (Peter steps forward and takes Eng. by the arm. Both disappear into the darkness. Peter returns. God shakes his head.) These men are even worse than I had expected. Quite apart from their intelligence, I should have thought they would have been more impressed at meeting God face to face.

Peter: It's hardly to be expected, sir. They are more interested in themselves than in God. Mr. Huntley has been face to face with himself all his life and he thought it was God. Mr. Englestone has been face to face with himself all his life and he thought it was nothing.

God: Well, well. Let us try someone else. Someone different, if possible.

Peter: The next is a woman but I'm afraid you can't expect much from her. (He disappears into the darkness and reappears into the circle of light leading a little wisp of an old woman.) This is Mary Brown. She was 70 years old. On earth she scrubbed floors for a living. She had a son who is 27 years old. He has, shall we say, been unemployed, during the most of that time. Fortunately his mother has had work so he has been able to live.

God: Yes, Peter. I think I understand.

Peter: Mary, I have something to tell you.

Mary: Yes?

Peter: You mustn't be alarmed by it.

Mary: You have bad news for me?

Peter: I shouldn't call it that. Listen, Mary. You are no longer on earth. You are in the presence of God—the God you used to sing about and pray to in the Salvation Army. God wanted to talk to you so he called you to come to Him.

Mary: I don't understand. I—I—

Peter: On earth you were ill, Mary. You died. You are no longer on earth.

Mary: You're fooling me. You oughtn't to fool an old woman. Please tell me where I am and what you want me for.

God: Mary.

Mary: (Turning to him quickly.) Yes.

God: I am God.

Mary: No, no, you couldn't be! You shouldn't say that! It's wrong to take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

God: What makes you think I am not God, Mary?

Mary: You are a man and you are in an office.

God is—God is God, and he is in Heaven.

God: What else, Mary?

Mary: You have no golden throne—and no wings.

God: Yet I am God. Look into my eyes.

Mary: (Leaning forward and looking into his eyes. After a pause, excited.) Oh, I see now. You are God. (She moves quickly around by the side of the desk and drops on her knees before him.) Oh Lord be merciful to me a poor and miserable sinner! Oh Lord, Lord be merciful!

God: (Puzzled.) What is all this, Peter? What has she done that I should be merciful?

Peter: Nothing. This is something she has planned all her life. She will be over it shortly.

God: (Taking her by the hand and helping her to her feet.) Stand up, Mary. All yours sins are forgiven.

Mary: Oh thank you, Master. You are too good—too kind.

God: Yes, yes, Mary, but let us pass over that.

Mary: No, no, Master. Not until I have thanked You for all You have done for me—for all the blessings You have bestowed on me, for all my prayers You have answered.

God: Things I have done for you? Prayers? Blessings? What do you mean?

Mary: Why, You must know, Master. You've kept me alive and well to a ripe old age. You've given me work to do that I might earn my daily bread. You've given me a son who's a comfort in my old age. And—and things too many to mention.

God: Yes. Yes. To be sure. But these prayers, Mary? Just which prayers did I answer. You see we get so many prayers up here that it is sometimes difficult to remember.

Mary: All my prayers were answered, Master. Or at least all that deserved answering.

God: Yes, yes. Of course.

Mary: But there was one prayer that was greater than all the rest. Surely, Master, You must remember it. I was out of work. There was no scrubbing or washing to be got anywhere. I had spent all my money and there was nothing left in the house for me and my son to eat. That night I prayed long and earnestly for more than an hour. The next morning young Mrs. Ferguson came to the house and asked me to come and take care of her sister. She promised to pay me eight dollars a week. I knew my prayer had been answered, and I have never forgotten. It was just the next week that I joined the Salvation Army. I wanted to pass the glorious news along to all the other helpless people who hadn't learned to look to God in times of trial and tribulation.

God: (To Peter.) God is apparently mightier than he dreams.

Peter: It is often so on earth.

God: Now, Mary, I want to ask you a question. Answer it honestly—just as you feel about it. I am thinking of bringing the world to an end—of letting all the people on the earth die—of seeing to it that no more are born.

Mary: Oh no, Master, not yet.

God: Not yet? Why?

Mary: My son, Master. He is young. He has his whole life to live. He needs a few more years to make himself fit for Thy Kingdom. But he is a good boy. Don't ever think he isn't. Some people say he isn't but they don't know him as well as I do. He's a good boy. He's too young to die.

God: So, Mary, I see there are more things on earth than God dreamed of. You would have me save the world so your son can live. For all I know that is as good a reason as any I have heard or am likely to hear. Don't worry. Your son is in God's keeping. That will be all.

Mary: Oh thank You, Master, thank You. Thank . . . (Peter directs her out of the circle of light and her voice ceases.)

God: And there, Peter, we have a little woman who was face to face with nothing all her life and thought it was God.

Peter: She was happy on earth. She didn't know any better. Most people are happy on earth who don't know any better.

God: And what of the others—the unhappy ones?

Peter: They are the ones in whom I have seen sparks of intelligence and stirrings of divinity. They are your best products, Sir.

God: The best and the worst, Peter. Isn't there one of these intelligent people we can examine?

Peter: Yes, Sir. One of the best. On earth he was a great writer.

God: Bring him in.

Peter: (He moves out of the circle of light and returns with a white-haired old man.) This is he, Sir. On earth he was called Anatole Dalmar. I have explained to him that he has come before his Maker. He understands. (Dalmar stands before the desk with bowed head.)

God: Will you sit down? Peter, a chair please. (Peter places a chair by the desk. Dalmar sits on it.) Peter has explained to you who I am and why you are here?

Dal: He has, Sir. I am gratified that You consider me worth talking to.

God: Then you believe in me—in God?

Dal: I do now. On earth I didn't know.

God: You are not surprised to see me in the shape of a man—behind an office desk, with papers and a telephone?

Dal: Not surprised, Sir. I see You in a shape my eyes can understand. It would have seemed strange to me if You had presented Yourself in any other way.

God: You are an intelligent man. We shall come to the point quickly. I brought you here to ask you a question. I have asked it of three other persons but they gave me only stupid answers. I am thinking of bringing the world to an end—of blotting out the human race. Can you give me any reason why I should do this, or why I should not?

Dal: I'm afraid I can't answer that question immediately. First, I must know why You created the human race. I must know why men are born and why they die.

God: (Leaning forward.) On earth you wrote books, Mr. Dalmar.

Dal: I did.

God: And you put into them characters who lived, and moved through their pages and died.

Dal: Yes.

God: Why did you do it?

Dal: I suppose it was the urge to create—the urge to make something, as best I could, that was part of me, yet apart from me.

God: Yet each book you wrote you brought to an end. You let the characters live their span, work out their destinies and come to an end. Why? If you thought enough of them to create them, why didn't you let them go on living as long as possible?

Dal: Partly, I suppose, because I became weary of them. I did the best I could for them and when I could do no more I set them aside to create new characters and write a new book.

God: And when you had written the new book?

Dal: I ended it as the last—and wrote another.

God: And what of the last book? Did you finally come to a time when you were weary of writing books—wearied of creating.

Dal: I did. I found that my last book was little better than the ones before. Possibly not as good. I became tired and discouraged. I found I could write only so well and no better. I conceived finer, better characters to put into my books, but when I tried to write them down I discovered that my conceptions were greater than my talent. When I finished with them they were less than my earlier, humbler efforts. They were halting, incomplete. Men said I was getting old—that my imagination had lost its fire. But they didn't know. They didn't know that my imagination had outgrown my talent. They blamed me for not returning to my old style. They didn't know that I had conceived beyond my old style and could never return to it.

God: And then you stopped writing?

Dal: Then, Sir, I died.

God: You have answered your own question as to why men live and die. You and I are both creators. You have created characters in books and I have created life upon earth. Each in its turn I have become absorbed in the species I created. Always I lost interest and turned to a new conception. Finally I came to man. It was a magnificent conception. But when I had finished it, I found it was as the characters in your books—halting, incomplete. Man is a greater conception than my earlier efforts but he falls short of them because he is less simple and less complete. A starfish contented in its muddy environment is a finer creation than man discontented in Paradise.

Dal: But You would not return to a world of starfish?

God: No. Like yourself I have conceived creations which are beyond me. I can never return to perfections that are less than my greatest conceptions.

Dal: So You would end it all and count creation a failure?

God: Perhaps not a failure but an experiment and a satisfaction. I have created and I am weary of creation. I cannot go further and I will not go back. Even God has his limitations. I want to get away

from it all. I want to go to a place you have never heard of and could never know—a place of Great Light and Magnificent Hills.

Dal.: And You will go?

God: That brings us once more to the question. Amongst men is there any reason why men should live?

Dal.: None, Sir, that I know of. Man would be better sleeping through eternity than living as he is, tortured and unhappy. His glimmerings of perfection only make him the unhappier.

God: Never fear, he shall be unhappy no longer. (*Wearily.*) Thank you. That is all. (*Dalmar bows and turns to go.*) But wait. One thing more. I know humanity longs for a Heaven—a better life after death. Your life on earth is ended. Do you wish for anything beyond?

Dal.: (*Shaking his head.*) I have no desire but to sleep.

God: Good-bye, Mr. Dalmar. You make me feel I have created better than I thought.

Dal.: (*Smiling faintly—enigmatically.*) Good-bye, Sir. I hope You will never grow weary of the Hills. (*God looks up quickly but Dalmar has turned away. He passed out of the circle of light and into the darkness.*)

God: When everything is ended and I am gone, I shall feel happier for having talked to that man—happier, and perhaps sadder too. He is not badly made. He might even be improved on. But to what end? I have been saying the same thing for generations. (*Straightening up and throwing his head back.*) Come, Peter, to work—to work for the last time!

Peter: (*Drawing up his chair and sitting down.*) Yes, Sir.

God: The world will end. But how?

Peter: It can be quickly obliterated.

God: (*Pondering.*) Supposing we leave man to his own devices and see what happens. Man for the first time will be his own master—master of his own destruction. It will be a last great experiment.

Peter: It will be harder for man that way. There will be unprecedented suffering—wars, famine and pestilence.

God: All things, even men, die happier fighting than helpless. Let it be done as I say. Watch, Peter, but do not interfere.

Peter: It shall be done.

God: (*Rising.*) And now I am going. I can not discard creation without a regret. It has been a great dream. (*Staring into the darkness.*) But to be away! To be free at last! To rest in the Light among the Hills—(*Looking at Peter.*) And you, Peter—you and the others will follow me when it is all over?

Peter: We will follow You.

God: (*Moving from behind his desk out into the circle of light.*) Record carefully everything that happens on earth, and when it is ended bring me a report. You will find me in the Hills. (*God passes out of the light and into the darkness. The light goes out.*)

LANDSCAPE

Blessed be ugliness, blessed the hands
That raised it; blessed the clanging hooves
Trampling the sterile chastity of plain,
Profitless earth, profitless grass; blessed the rails,
the ties,
Girder and rivet—hooves, trampling the dream.

Here have we now importunate ugliness
Lifting its smoky fingers—warehouse and water
tower,

Chimney and spout and shed, tangle of rails,
Mountains of desolate ash, billow of steam,
Bellowing engine, thunder of laden wheels,
Box car, cattle car, coal car, tank, wood, gravel car
Thronging the rails, thronging a maze of rails
Writhing in clamour, dwindling in parallels
Out of the yard, out of the end of town,
Leaving the pariah shacks, chickens and chicken
wire,

Garments on crazy lines, dull with old smoke—
Conquering smoke, importunate fingers of smoke
Clawing the sky—dwindling, dwindling at last

Into the prairie, into the west, into the dream
Riding in scornful pageant on the hills,
Sunset behind—blazon of painted song—
Tapestry of old wars flung on a wall—
Crimson and gloom, shapes of the plunging hosts,
Cities of flame, waste cities given to flame,
Lone steed upreared, bright sword, flash of tri
umphant helm,

Rose, quickening rose, red rose of heart's desire,
Gold of old minstrelsy, harps, dragons and kings,
Glory and death—tumult of painted song—
Labyrinth tapestry, riddled on a wall,
Wall of the west, behind the hosts of dream
Ranged on the hills, white-horsed, innumerable,
Over importunate ugliness, its smoky prayer,
Over its dwindling rails.

Blessed be ugliness, ravishing, shod with iron,
Blessed be ugliness, the importunate,
Blessed be ugliness, the impotent,
Blessed be ugliness, fruitful of dream.

JOSEPH SCHULL





INTERNATIONAL ADJUDICATION

THE WORLD COURT, 1921-1934, by Manley O. Hudson, (World Peace Foundation; pp. viii, 302; \$2.50).

PROFESSOR HUDSON'S little book on the Permanent Court of International Justice has been issued yearly by the World Peace Foundation since 1928, and is one of the author's many useful aids to the study of international law and diplomacy. It contains all the essential facts regarding the organizations and work of the Court up to January 1st., 1934, and, in addition, sets out in detail the protocols, resolutions, memoranda and letters relating to the long hoped-for adherence of the United States. This last is the most dismal instance yet on record of the negative power in international affairs exercised by that sinister assembly, the Senate of the United States. To the man who regards with a cynical eye the whole laborious development of human society, there are few more intriguing vagaries of fate than that which, having given a commanding voice in world politics to this nation, leaves its participation therein to be governed by a body so ridden by inherited inhibitions and parochial suspicions.

But of this Professor Hudson has little to say. Here as elsewhere he lets the facts speak for themselves, as one should in a handbook designed for undergraduates and lecturers on current affairs. We find in the essay no appraisal either of the general conduct of the Court or of its interpretations of international law in the specific cases so admirably summarized for our benefit. One of the few personal comments suggests far more by its negative implications than by the apparent satisfaction which it is ostensibly meant to convey. Speaking of the advisory opinion in the Tunis nationality decrees, the author says:

It is notable that the French judge on the Court, Judge Weiss, concurred in the opinion that for these reasons the dispute was not by international law solely a matter of domestic jurisdiction, though in doing so he was opposed to the contentions of the French Governments.

One's reflection is—How sad that it should be notable! But in truth the judgments of individual members hitherto do not encourage the hope that even the high judicial mind can rise freely above national prejudice. It is a fortunate thing that the number of judges making up the Court (15), and their great diversity of race, provide a large measure of mechanical assurance of impartial decision. One may not agree with some of the majority judgments, but it is impossible to say that any of them has been insupportable on grounds of law. That is true even of the advisory opinion regarding the proposed Austro-German customs union, where the division of the Court suggests the largest play of political considerations visible anywhere in its records.

The conduct of national judges does, however, drive one to the conclusion that the practice of appointing judges *ad hoc* when any state in litigation has no national on the Court is a bad one, likely to encourage suspicion of political influence. For the votes of the *ad hoc* appointees tend strongly to cancel out. It would appear more conducive to the dignity and reputation of the tribunal to have any nationals of the parties withdraw for the particular case, rather than to add representatives of the litigants. This would strengthen the movement towards making the Court conform with the organization and procedure of the best national judicatures.

In spite of these reservations, the discerning reader can scarcely avoid carrying away two definite impressions—first that the Court has handled a very considerable bulk of work, and secondly that it has handled it distinctly well. Amid all the doubts surrounding the League of Nations at the present time, it seems likely that this offshoot has demonstrated to general satisfaction the wisdom of its founders, and that it will go on adding to an already high prestige.

P. E. CORBETT

THE GOLDEN ROAD

FROM MOSCOW TO SAMARKAND, by Y. Z. (Hogarth Press; pp. 134; 6/-).

THIS book is the account of a journey through that part of Asiatic Russia that lies immediately north of Afghanistan, bordering on Chinese Turkestan, and centring round the romantic names of Ferghana, Shah-i-Mardan, Samarkand, and Bokhara. Though not a controversial book—in fact, it is hard to see why the author bothered to use a pseudonym—it gives an interesting picture of the effect the new régime in Russia has had on this part of central Asia. The motive behind the journey, however, seems to have been purely the traveller's interest in strange and out-of-the-way places, and as a travel book this is one of the best in recent years. The style is easy and attractive, the author has a fresh and keen eye for picturesque detail and interesting fact, and the pictures he draws are clear and vivid.

Interspersed in the record of the journey are a number of fascinating stories recounting the adventures during the revolution, of various people whom the author met here and there in the course of the journey. Whether by chance or design, all sorts of people are represented, the ardent revolutionary, the dissatisfied, the indifferent; and the scales are not weighted in favour of one or the other. It is one of the few signs of a return to something like sanity in the present world, that it is now possible to write about Russia without going in off the deep end, whether head first or feet first.

The book is free from the curse of wordy over-elaboration that disfigures so many travel books. There are facts in plenty, but they are handled with a light, sure touch that preserves the vitality of the book. No better choice could be made for summer reading.

L. A. MACKAY.

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EBB TIDE

TENDER IS THE NIGHT, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribners; pp. 408; \$2.50).

IT is difficult to identify the forces which defeated Dick Diver. From the original, obvious, assumption that his genius was thwarted merely by the exigencies of life with a neurotic woman one proceeds to the theory that the trouble lay in the sort of life into which the Divers drifted—the warm and futile existence of rich, unassimilated Americans in the South of France—and then rejects it in favour of the conclusion that he was victim of a vague conspiracy of contemporary events.

The others who went to Gausse's Hotel des Etrangers, five miles along the coast from Cannes, as well as he, are touched by the prevalent decay, but because he has further to fall his collapse is the more notable. Scott Fitzgerald's technique in painting the degeneracy of the times is excellent. Gausse's beach is seen first through the eyes of Rosemary, young, confident and romantic, and the reader views only the polished surface; then it is exposed to the cold analysis of Dick Diver and the permeating dry-rot becomes evident.

The novel contains elements reminiscent of *Arrowsmith*, but the theme is identical with that of Richard Aldington's *All Men Are Enemies*. Tony, the protagonist of Aldington's book, rejecting the standards and the responsibilities of middle class English life, sets off on a pilgrimage and in the end wins beyond the pettiness of his period to an uncon-

vincing life of the senses on the island of Aeaea, in the Aegean, and to an incredible resurrection of an old, and very charming, love. Dick, hero of *Tender Is the Night*, rebels less formally against the inanities of his age and drifts, at first almost imperceptibly but with gathering velocity, toward disaster. In this respect Fitzgerald's novel strikes the truer note. There is something slightly self-conscious, and not a little pompous, about Tony's indignation and the relatively happy ending to his adventures is pretty bad, whereas Dick Diver, silently at war with his environment, proceeds to his doom with Greek inevitability.

Mr. Fitzgerald's power as a novelist is gathering. *Tender Is the Night*, from the structural point of view alone, is a compelling document, and there is masterful irony in Dick Diver's unhappy conclusion. Because, like Martin Arrowsmith, Diver is at heart a general practitioner, incapable of the objective attitude necessary for a true scientist, he takes the first, fatal step when he marries Nicole Warren. His disintegration is a slow process, continuing over a decade of dreary post-War years, and when eventually he admits defeat, Nicole, to whom he has devoted his life, emerges healthy and triumphant from the shadows in which he found her wandering. Orpheus-like, he pipes Eurydice from Hell, but, unlike Orpheus, he takes her place there—and she goes out to meet the sunlight without him.

That she should go out with hardly a backward look is as natural as is her impatience with the ruin of her husband's character. The collapse of the Diver family has all the impersonal cruelty of a biological event.

As an indictment of an oft-indicted class, and an ironic comment on an epoch which has provoked irony in a generation of writers, the book is socially significant, and all that sort of thing. But its true virtue lies in the relentless honesty of Fitzgerald's pen. There are no sops to romantic convention, and no false strivings after what some are pleased to call realism. What is over, is over, and the people who have met on Gausse's beach proceed to their several destinies, beyond the pages of the book—Nicole to the full life from which she has been partially debarred by her illness, Rosemary to an existence in which she will be more loved against than loving, Baby Warren to a continuation of the bleak, predatory career of a female American anglophile, and Dick to the shallows and the miseries of a long ebb tide.

D'ARCY MARSH.

A SHAKESPEAREAN SYMPOSIUM

A COMPANION TO SHAKESPEARE STUDIES. Edited by H. Granville-Barker and G. B. Harrison (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 408; \$4.50).

RECENTLY the graduating class of a large university in the eastern United States voted, in replying to a questionnaire, that Noel Coward was a better dramatist than William Shakespeare. This expression of opinion was not a sign that the attempt to educate these young men had been a dismal failure. It demonstrated, rather, the truth

in the theory advanced by many Shakespeareans themselves: that Shakespeare wrote for his own age and cannot, without enduring some wrong, be represented under conditions imposed by the twentieth century.

Each generation voices its opinion of Shakespeare, and in doing so throws an unintentional light upon its own outlook, on Shakespeare, and much beside. Our own times, hard-boiled but uncertain to what degree, are inclined to replace him in his niche in history, to suggest that none but one of his contemporaries can have known him at his best. For a modern man to approximate that, it is indicated, requires an enormous and specialized knowledge. Yet the very possession of that knowledge would prevent him from taking Shakespeare as he ought to be taken, plainly and openly, as his audiences at the Globe and the Blackfriars' took him, more than three centuries ago. There is an irreducible minimum in the plays which age cannot wither nor erudition obscure. But it is certain that, owing to changes in background, in tastes and in the language itself, many passages are lost to us, perhaps forever. For scholarship, multiplying its efforts, tends to cancel one by another. It is probably true that we shall never know more of the very Shakespeare than we do today.

Of what is known, the present volume gives a compendious and wholly admirable account. Despite the number and the diverse interests of the contributors, the book is a coherent whole. The editors have left no major differences unreconciled. For the information and guidance given, *A Companion to Shakespeare Studies* well deserves its title. But it ought to be read, as well, for its intrinsic interest.

Shakespeare was that combination, unique until then in England, rare in any time or land, of actor, playright and poet. His works are not drama written in poetry but poetic drama, a very different thing. His triumph is in the projection of character in action. 'And his advance will be to an ever deeper, richer, subtler conception and expression of character; finally, also, to reflection in a man's expression of himself of the world in which he spiritually dwells.' He wrote in a language that delighted in experimentation, and his words must have had, for the Elizabethans, a freshness and force they have lost in coming down to us. That he had to content himself with the resources of the theatre of his time was probably less irksome to Shakespeare than the idea of such a restriction was to Thomas Carlyle. And, in fact, that theatre appears to have been less poor in mechanical equipment than has often been supposed. Lastly, there is no indication in the plays that Shakespeare gave a thought to posterity. He was writing for the stage of his own time.

It is in that capacity that the editors and their collaborators present him. There is no attempt to labour the theme of the 'transcendental genius'. In this attitude they do but reflect the present inclination of criticism, 'the latest, though it may not be the last'. And it is as a poet-dramatist that they

are concerned with him. Discussion of the 'problem of the sonnets' is seldom more than speculative, and it is here wisely omitted. What is given amounts to a summing-up, definitive for this time, of the present state of knowledge and opinion of the perennial enigma in English literature.

W. A. BREYFOGLE.

UNKNOWN B.C.

CASSIAR, by M. Conway Turton (Macmillans, in Canada; pp. x, 123; \$2.00)

MANY books of travel nowadays come from writers who are already established, and develop into a sequence of anecdotes and essays on subjects far removed from the original. *Cassiar*, refreshingly, is brief and to the point; through descriptive sketches the author records some of the experiences of a year spent in this North-West section of British Columbia, while the personal element is so consistently subordinated that the context gives no indication of her sex.

There are certain disadvantages in this method that is fragmentary rather than continuous. If the details of one or two trips, from plan to achievement, had been set before the reader, he must have been left with an inside familiarity with the country that isolated moments cannot give. Wistfully he finds himself debarred too from sharing in that sense of satisfactory accomplishment that attends on all good camping. A more continuous narrative method would have given better emphasis to occasions like the arrival of the mail: we are told that this is long and eagerly expected, but the arrival is upon us before we are feeling it so ourselves. The book contains rather too many descriptions of nature. Miss Turton does her best to share with the reader the reader the magnificence of Cassiar; but how inadequate is a description of its colours to create a sunset that one has not seen!

On the other hand, there are vivid details that give immediately the spirit of the country. Thus, the radio announces the exact hour, but 'What the Hell do we care? What I want to know is, what day is it?' And upon arguments, the host decides perversely: 'Well, have your damned Wednesday then. But in this cabin, which is my cabin, it's Tuesday.' No less burning a question than whether or not he will arrive, is the problem 'Should the mail-carrier cut down on the mail in order to carry more liquor?' And the grimness and beauty of Cassiar, its ice and snow, its mountains and rapids, mosquitoes and flowers are emerging all the time. Miss Turton has the important gift of choosing a subject that is worth writing about.

E.B.S.



ON PERSONALITY

THE WILL TO FULLER LIFE, by J. H. Badley (Thos. Nelson; pp. 282; \$3.25).

PERSONALITY, MANY IN ONE, by James Winfred Bridges (The Stratford Company; pp. 215; \$2.00).

Each of these books is concerned ostensibly with psychology, and each has an eloquent passage on the power and meaning of love, but there the resemblance ceases. For, where the English headmaster approaches the higher values of life from the standpoint of a philosophic educationalist, the Canadian psychologist arrives at them in the course of an empirical discussion of the nature of personality organization. The former is eminently sound, conservative in the best sense, and frequently dull; the latter is epigrammatical, indulges in a few risky generalizations, but never writes a dull page.

Dr. Badley's book is said to be the outcome of weekly talks with boys and girls of his school, and the reviewer must be permitted a parenthetical note of astonishment at the mental calibre of those who were exposed to them. The book itself is the only indication which we have of the nature of these 'discussions', but it may be doubted whether there is a boy or girl in Canadian High Schools who could struggle through a quarter of it. The author deals seriously, though briefly, with many of the most difficult problems of philosophy—those of mind and body, of epistemology, of free will, of the nature of absolute values. And he employs terms such as 'axiological factors' and 'solipsism', which, to say the least, are not here used in addressing school children.

The aim of the book may be given in his own words: 'Taking the emergence of the values of the spirit as showing the highest level that psychological evolution has thus far reached, it is the object of the following chapters to trace the development of these values and of the forms in which mankind has sought to embody them' (p. 33). The 'spiritual' values are stated in the familiar forms of truth, beauty and goodness, and, proceeding from the thesis of emergent evolution proposed by Lloyd Morgan, the author is able to give a thorough rationale of them which, while not 'psychological' in the narrower sense of the term, is thoughtful, sane and persuasive, and reveals a scholarly, courageous and alert mind.

It is not easy to say for whom this book is suited; too comprehensive and general for the philosopher of value, it is also, in all probability, too abstract and serious for the general reader. It will, however, be of very definite service to all, whether teachers, ministers, or enlightened parents, who are desirous of securing reliable ammunition for the defence of traditional values against a radical generation.

Professor Bridges' volume also suffers from the use of technical terminology without the provision of a glossary; in a book designed admittedly for lay as well as professional circles, it is difficult to justify such verbiage as 'from a purely phenomenological

and descriptive standpoint without etiological implications or presuppositions' (p. 75). But it will undoubtedly have a wide appeal to those who wish a brief but comprehensive survey of what modern psychology has to say on the subject of personality, for it is psychologically sound, thoroughly readable, and remarkably compact. It covers, indeed, what amounts to the whole field of human psychology in 200 pages, and whatever defects it may have are probably attributable to this drastic condensation.

The author has produced much more than a mere survey; by using the old tripartite division of the mind—cognition, conation, affection—as the basis of his scheme, and applying it consistently and ingeniously, he has unified his very difficult materials and presented them in systematic and logical form. It is, however, doubtful whether human personality can actually be fitted into so symmetrical a pattern, and in sustaining it Mr. Bridges is forced to invent such unfamiliar capacities as 'affective intelligence' and 'affective consciousness'. And the disadvantages attendant on too logical a system are apparent also in the discussion of the various personality types, in which the author tends to treat each aspect of the mind as an independent variable in the style of the faculty psychologists.

None the less the book is an illuminating synthesis of the present knowledge on its subject, even if some of the knowledge is less certain than the author seems to imply; and professional psychologists, as well as the general public, will find it both clarifying and stimulating. The style, while sometimes hasty, is brilliant and incisive, and the thumbnail portraits of personality types are presented with masterly economy of phrase and sharpness of etching. The last chapter, with its suggestive summing up of the lines of personality development, is in pleasant contrast to the boring platitudes customary on the subject, and the writer's views on what constitutes good development in this field are thoroughly acceptable. Altogether a refreshing little book.

J. D. KETCHUM.

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS, by Nicholas Murray Butler (Scribner's; pp. xv, 450; \$3.00).

A PRIMER FOR TOMORROW, by Christian Gauss (Scribner's; pp. 308; \$2.50).

HERE are two diagnoses of and remedies for the ills of the world today. Both authors believe that we are living in an era of great change and both believe that democracy and liberty should be preserved. It cannot be said that their solutions prove adequate to the problem. It is all very well for Messrs. Butler and Gauss to talk about preserving liberty in their walk of life, but when liberty means the liberty of business men to amass as much money as they please, to dismiss employees heartlessly, and to raise their own salaries during the depression while lowering those of their employees, it is no wonder that to large masses of the

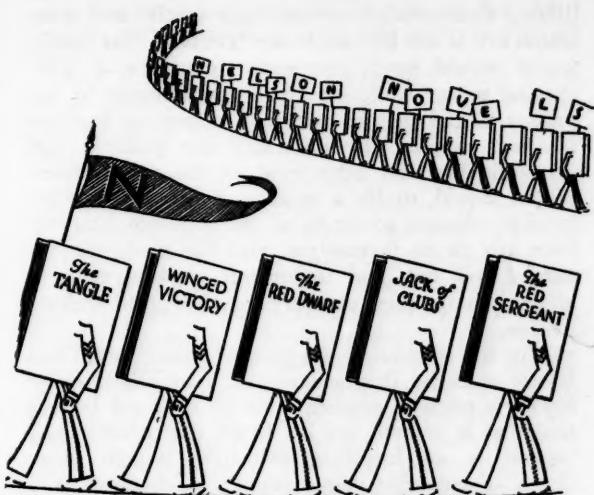
people, liberty is a meaningless catchword. They will have none of it, they prefer some form of compulsion.

Nicholas Murray Butler in *Between Two Worlds* believes that the issue today is between liberty and some form of compulsion—either fascism or communism. President Butler thus falls into the widespread error of bundling fascism and communism together, because politically they both seem alike—both are dictatorships, both are ruthless, and in both the state controls industry. But fascism is the very antithesis of communism, for fascism seeks to forestall communism and to preserve as much of capitalism as is possible under a dictatorship, while communism seeks to substitute a new social and economic order. Since *a priori* both fascism and communism are bad, the remedy, according to President Butler, is a 'self-disciplined liberty' ('For God's sake keep prices down!' General Johnson petulantly advises industrialists) and international co-operation in the form of the League of Nations, the Permanent Court of International Justice, and the Bank of International Settlements! President Butler also has a naïve faith in the ability of Anglo-Saxondom alone to get us out of our present difficulties.

In his essays and speeches on matters of historical interest and in analyses of American public opinion Nicholas Murray Butler is not so dull, and in fact has some interesting remarks to make, particularly in the chapter on 'American Public Opinion and International Affairs' and in 'The Statute of Westminster and the Olive Branch Petition', but in discussions of current affairs, President Butler's liberalism, possibly interesting and instructive in the 1920's, now can be considered only as 'old stuff'.

It is a relief to descend from the airy generalities of Nicholas Murray Butler to the realistic and often able remarks of Christian Gauss, Dean of Princeton University. Dean Gauss sees the world in a state of chaos and hopes that the changes necessary in the world can be accomplished peacefully, so that we can steer midway between fascism and communism, and he frankly concludes that 'the only question is whether changes will be introduced by violent upheaval or by more gradual processes'.

He believes that our present troubles are due to the weakening of religion, to the disappearance of sanctions, to the reversal of the time sense, to the decay of capitalism, and to the destruction of those institutions making for stability. The core of our difficulties and the chief source of change today, is the conflict between a non-competitive international science and a competitive national capitalism. If the core of our difficulties is the struggle between science and capitalism, why is it that products, such as razor blades giving 400 shaves, shirts lasting five to nine years, and other durable products of inestimable advantage to the consumer, which science now knows how to manufacture, are not made? The answer is simple enough; it would cut into the private profit of business. It is the search for private profit and the an-



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tithesis thus created—trusts, high tariffs, and wars which are at the bottom of our troubles. The whole world would have prosperity tomorrow if purchasing power could be given continuously to the masses of the people, but that cannot be because the few people, who dominate our political and economic life and take most of the profit themselves, would, under a scheme of granting continuous purchasing power to all the populace, scarcely have any profit themselves, and this economic oligarchy will not, and under our existing state of affairs, cannot act contrary to the profit-seeking motive.

For the solution of the present emergency, Dean Gauss concedes the necessity of a socialistic order having a planned economy, but he does not believe that that is enough, for he thinks that what is also needed is an inspiring principle, though Dean Gauss is somewhat vague about this inspiring principle. He believes that Marxism and sovietism will not fill this bill, for they are both too materialistic. The almost ascetic conduct of the members of the Russian Communist Party, their intense enthusiasm, their hard work with little pay, and the high place afforded drama, art, music, and literature in Soviet Russia, would seem to show that the Communists and Soviet Russia were anything but as materialistic as Dean Gauss would have us believe.

Moreover his statement that 'the "economic interpretation of history" and the concept of the "economic man" assume that economics is *always* and *everywhere* the centre of man's activity and cultural life' is in the Marx-Engels-Lenin tradition of Marxism utterly absurd. Put as baldly as possible Historical Materialism believes that man must first make a living, in order to clothe, feed, and house himself, before he does anything else; and the *relationship* built up in the course of making a living determines in the *last analysis* the form of society, the government, and even the ideas of men. And this doctrine, very different from the rigid dogmatism of Dean Gauss, precludes neither moral, nor climatic, nor other influences on the development of man, his ideas, and institutions.

Although Dean Gauss has much to say about the alleged sins of sovietism, he dismisses fascism in much too cavalier a manner. He is surely political realist enough to see that fascism is much nearer on this continent than communism or socialism and the stagnation of the arts in Italy and Germany under fascism, the total absence of freedom, and the fact that fascism, as Dean Gauss admits, comes into power as a capitalistic prophylaxis, all of which he apparently fears, should force have made him keep some of his anti-soviet thunder for fascism.

While, therefore, the critic must disagree with the main contentions of *The Primer for Tomorrow*, nevertheless the book is well worth reading, for scattered throughout are brilliant remarks on our era and the chapters on 'The Decline of Religion' and 'Will there be Social Revolution?' are very illuminating.

NORMAN PENLINGTON.

THE CONDITION OF INDIA

INDIA—WHAT Now? by N. Gangulee (Thos. Nelson; pp. 280; \$2.75).

CONDITION OF INDIA, being the Report of the Delegation sent to India by the India League in 1932 (Essential News; pp. xv, 534; 2/6).

THERE has been a spate of books on India recently; every author has posed as the exponent of some point of view of particular value to the reader, giving him a better understanding of the problems that confront British statesmanship and Indian politicians. While the effort has certainly been laudable, the opinions expressed have been wildly conflicting and have had a bewildering rather than a clarifying effect.

The first book, by a Companion of the Indian Empire, is in no way outstanding, being a re-hash of the old arguments—some of them no doubt true—that 'the needs of the great masses of the Indian peoples are economic and social rather than political'. The first four chapters of the book give a pretty accurate survey of India's economic, agricultural, labour and social problems. All this, however, is available in many other publications and reports. The last chapter is a timorous venture in practical suggestions for remedy and reform.

The author does not seem to be aware that his picture of the backward condition of India is as much a damning indictment of British statesmanship for the last one hundred and eighty years, as it is of some Indian customs and traditional practices. One gathers from his remarks that the former has been extremely haphazard in spite of the recommendations of various commissions and conferences, recommendations more honoured in a partial or total disregard than in their adoption. The following paragraph (pp. 58-9) is not without its note of wistful pathos:

Will there at last be a "Five Year Plan" for India? Nothing has been more disappointing to me [sic] than the way in which the recommendation of the Linlithgow Report as regards the necessity of attacking the Indian Economic problem "as a whole and at all points simultaneously" has been ignored by the Government of India. A Central Council of Agricultural Research has been set up, but there has been no conscious effort towards adopting and acting on a comprehensive policy.

The author then quotes Sir Basil Blackett (till recently Finance Member in the Viceroy Cabinet).

First and foremost in the planning of national reconstruction comes the necessity for comprehensive insight and a firm grasp of the inter-relationships between the various aspects of our political and economic and social life.

The author's comments are as follows:

But the trouble is, the Governments in India work in close compartments and it is this departmentalism that has, so far, stood in the way of making such plans.

The author does not seem to stress sufficiently the magnitude of the impact on India of the vast economic, social and political upheavals that are completely altering the structure of the world to-

day, and though he seems to be aware that 'there is a spirit of revolt that is pervading the Indian masses, and may in no long time effect changes in their outlook which will show itself in ways even more dramatic than those exhibited by the privileged classes and infinitely more difficult to control', some of his suggestions are naive in the extreme and the whole body of them amount to little more than a recommending of the perpetuation of the same system with certain necessary modifications.

A second edition of the book will probably not be called for; but there is a misprint on page 29 that causes an unfair distortion. The Viceroy's despatch to the Secretary of State for India, pointing out the need for a deliberate policy of Industrialization of India, was dated Nov. 1915, and not 1925.

But if this book raises a query in the minds of its readers as to the value and effectiveness of the British Raj in these last few years, the *Condition of India*, a first-hand account of the state of affairs in India by the members of the India League Delegation from London, gives more positive proof of the bankruptcy of British statesmanship. There is no intention to minimize the magnitude and the difficulty of the problems that confront the British administrator in India. But when he has been reduced to relying on repression of a type that would not be tolerated in any civilized country, what other conclusion can one come to?

The authors of the Report were themselves, while in India, subject to a 'watchful supervision' that was hardly in their own interests. And the arrest of several persons who were of help to the delegation, which suffered in addition much annoying interference and many uncalled-for obstacles, duly recorded in the pages of the Report, together with attempts to disparage the value of the investigation by the authorities (even Whitehall could not ignore their findings), all point to the existence of an unsatisfactory state of affairs.

The delegation, consisting of two Englishwomen, one Englishman and one Indian, met men and women of all creeds and shades of opinion, British and Indian, official and non-official, travelling on an average 12,000 miles each and penetrating into the rural areas far away from railway-stations and roads.

The authors attempt a survey of the economic and political background of the Indian situation and present an authentic and well-documented account of the Dual policy at work. It is unnecessary to add that the attempt is unique of its kind, for it contains no less than 1,500 references, and the incidents quoted are corroborated by first-hand statements and often by official speeches and documents. The authors have also cited an impressive amount of medical and legal evidence.

In his Foreword, Bertrand Russell writes:

In India, the peasants are powerless against the landlords and the Government combined, so that no economic lesson is learned from their hardships, and they are expected to starve quietly without making a fuss. Only people with political power have a right to make a fuss: this is one of the great lessons of history, and lest history should not sufficiently

impress the Indians, we are teaching it by the *lathi* and the gaol. Our ruling classes have lost their former skill, and I fear the ultimate result of their folly in India must be disaster.

The chapter on prison conditions would alone cause much consternation and quite possibly rouse the righteous indignation of a blissfully ignorant public.

In the last chapter an attempt is made to assess the results of the Dual policy—whether or not it has achieved anything worth while, and whether it has facilitated the path to 'constitutional advance'.

The book concludes with what the authors regard as possibly the most satisfactory solution, a solution which has at least the merit of adhering to British constitutional precedents and is in accordance with the legitimate aspirations of the Indian people, advising as it does, the harnessing of the forces of the Indian awakening to the task of settlement: 'the making of the new constitution must largely depend on the initiative, the sense of responsibility and the pride and effort of an awakened India.'

Such a recommendation, of course, runs counter to the whole stream of British policy in India where the security and perpetuation of British interests and trade, and the demands of British Imperialism are regarded as forming the keystone of any scheme of constitutional advance in India.

If the Report does nothing more than give to the British electorate a truer picture than they have envisaged, of the actual conditions attendant upon British rule in India today, conditions for which it is ultimately responsible, its purpose will have been amply fulfilled.

P. C. A.

CONTRIBUTORS

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Short Notices

THE HOUR OF DECISION, Part One, by Oswald Spengler, translated by Charles Francis Atkinson (Knopf; pp. 230; \$2.50).

Of those readers who struggled, perspiring but fascinated, right through as much as the first volume of Spengler's *Decline of the West*, few could have missed an impression from a certain strange inconsistency of feeling therein. The main grand tenor was a profound and lofty view of human history extending over thousands of years and the greater part of our globe, a mind-stretching conception of an inexorable Destiny in which cultures and civilizations expanded and decayed as variations upon a theme. In this conception the lives and interests of men and women seemed of no more significance than those of ants or flies. And yet running through the whole thesis was a heated animus. All of the phenomena of an advanced civilization, though postulated as inevitable developments, were somehow grossly wrong in the moral sense. Urban life, science, industrial invention, democracy—they were all strangely blame-worthy. Darwin and Marx, it will be remembered, appeared as sinister arch-villains deflecting thought and action from their proper courses.

This underlying bias comes out clearly and predominantly in the recently published first part of *The Hour of Decision*. For the author of the above mentioned work, this latter is no doubt a slight book intended for a wider public, but nevertheless it is full of formidable thought. The world is seen as now at the beginning of an area of great wars which will conclude only when some one power has emerged at the head of a world imperialism. Graphically the resources of the various world powers of to-day are reviewed with the aim of discovering the ultimate conqueror, and a process of elimination draws to an expected inference. Never is the author's nationality at all dubious.

But Germany and her rivals on their way to these shattering international conflicts must first secure their efficiency by the restoration of 'high policy', or in other words by the definite destruction of popular pretensions. The working people must be put down where they belong. For it appears that the very bases of the 'horizontal' conflict between states are undermined by the 'vertical' struggle between social classes. It may surprise the general reader to learn that the World Revolution smashed through to victory in 1916. But hence, in fact, the present world-wide depression. The

revolutionary leadership, an assemblage of social failures impotent to rule, has brought the life of the nations to a deadlock which can only be broken by a rebirth of Prussianism.

Here the issue is not in doubt. But beyond the class struggle, eventually to be liquidated, is that wider and more insidious menace, The Rising Tide of Colour. The view-point on race is difficult to understand. Though to the scientist there are all degrees of skin pigmentation from pinko-gray to black, to the historian-philosopher there are only white (or Germanic) and coloured. Yet the Japanese love of conquest reveals something of the Nordic spirit; while the Russians have the useful knack of the chameleon. The latter were defendants for the white nations in 1905, and perhaps an alliance with the Central Powers in 1914-18 would have earned them consideration as Nordics. But now they have returned to Asia and form a Mongolian State. Indeed, 'Russia is Asia'.

'Race' finally becomes an almost mystical conception, not intended 'Darwinistically, materially'. It is to be considered a matter of elective affinity, based on a strong undercurrent of ruthless impulse. 'Barbarism is that which I call strong race.'

Truly, it is astonishing in what widely sundered worlds of thought the mind can move. Almost every other page of this brief book contains a paradox which is not merely the witty inversion of reasoning for which Mr. Shaw is famous. Reasoning is here specifically repudiated. In its place is that 'thinking with the blood' which, in these degenerate days when swords are impractical, seems to require artillery for its most effective expression. And the reader is left with a distinct doubt as

to whether the pen is really mightier than the howitzer.

G. McL.

DEATH IN THE VALLEY, by Bernard Newman (Denis Archer, pp. 288; 7/6).

This rapidly-moving novel gives an account of the origin of the Oberammergau Passion Play. Mr. Newman, the author of that exciting yarn, *The Cavalry Went Through*, has lost nothing of his facility in telling a story. Beginning with a description of the quiet village in the Bavarian Alps and an introduction of his principal characters, he turns aside to tell of the chain of incident and accident by which the plague came to Europe from China. It reached Bavaria, but Oberammergau was long immune. The villagers had set up a cordon of sentries, and no one was allowed to enter or leave the Ammer valley. How the cordon was broken, how the plague came and how it ravaged the village, all is rapidly and graphically told. The villagers take a vow that, if God will remove this chastisement, they will perform a Passion Play every ten years, in perpetuity. The wind changes, the plague ends, and the first Play is given. It happens that this year sees the three hundredth anniversary of that first performance.

It might have been a much better book, given the theme. The treatment is too hasty throughout, and the ending is violently melodramatic. A small quibble: when the hero returns from Ettal to Oberammergau, Mr. Newman makes him take a rough mountain-path. Unless for self-mortification, this was unnecessary. There is an easy way along the stream. In all other respects the author seems to know his setting thoroughly.

W. A. B.



THE PROHIBITION MIND
The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

After reading Mr. Coburn's attack on Mr. Colbourne's attack, I beg to be allowed to vent a humble opinion. I notice that Mr. Coburn accuses Mr. Colbourne of courtesy and then proceeds to outdo him in this. It might be in order for some one else to outdo them both.

It must be that Mr. Coburn is one who takes for granted that whatever is written, is written for the purpose of advocating something or other. He believes that Mr. Barry Jones and Mr. Maurice Colbourne advocate something

in Reunion in Vienna, and that is a rather serious charge against its artistry. I believe that they advocate nothing at all, so that Mr. Coburn's suggestion that they should have hired a hall and held forth instead of producing the play seems ridiculous beyond words. Mr. Coburn does not think that 'the spectacle of "a lust crazed degenerate" openly and passionately endeavouring to seduce a woman' etc., could be beautiful. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Coburn thinks of *Hamlet*, for instance. It could not possibly be beautiful because murder, lust, near-insanity, suicidal thoughts and violent death are not. And Shake-

speare's beautiful language and superb artistry place him among the deadliest of the deadly. (Mr. Coburn may recollect that the wicked are punished in Shakespeare. Everybody is punished in Shakespeare, good and bad alike. And, as far as I can make out, that's the way it is in life; though it does sometimes fall out that no one is punished at all.) Similarly, I shudder to think of Mr. Coburn having any familiarity with Greek drama which treats with incest and other ills that nice people don't know about. One wonders if Mr. Coburn would go so far as to say that Euripides got his standards of beauty out of the gutter. (I doubt if there were gutters in those days.)

'Some people are just old-fashioned enough to think that poisoning the mind and soul is even more serious than poisoning the body,' writes Mr. Coburn. But what is really old-fashioned is the belief that the mind and soul are very puny, very weak, in crying need of protection above all things. We have come to think that the mind and the soul are not so easily poisoned as the Victorians seemed to imagine. And we are inclined to consider falsity more poisonous than truth. We don't believe in pretending that what is, is not—even if we don't like it. If there is a mind and soul that cannot know what goes on in the world without being poisoned thereby, he is in grave danger every day he lives, unless they keep him swathed in cotton wool which, strange to say, is not considered good for the moral fibre. I dare say there are Toronto parents who would like to be able to keep their children wrapped up in cotton wool ideas. But, when truth and falsity come up there is some confusion because I feel that these words do not mean the same to Mr. Coburn as they do to me. With Mr. Coburn a thing is true, also beautiful, only if it is what he considers righteous, and it cannot be either one if it is, by his standards, wicked; truth being for Mr. Coburn not so much what is as what he thinks ought to be—e.g., adultery is false because he thinks it should not exist (although, as he himself points out, greater men than him think differently). I do not wish to quarrel with this point of view which abounds in the world and has as much right to abound as anything else, I suppose. But I sincerely believe that it would have to be discarded if one wished to attain to a profound understanding and appreciation of life. The charge I make against prohibition lodged in the mind, is that it prevents us from understanding.

Yours, etc.,

N. L. DALE.

Owen Sound.

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

The article by one Howe Martyn in the June issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM is typically representative of the average Canadian attitude.

Mr. Martyn has chosen to discuss the very points concerning which he apparently knows nothing, and has succeeded most admirably in displaying his ignorance. He stresses the 'sensory elements' and minimizes the importance of character, while he fails to observe a satisfactory sense of composition, or, as he so pedantically calls it, 'spatial relations'. I rather think the author's phraseology is more advanced than his perceptive powers. At any rate, I sincerely hope that he will never be appointed the arbiter of art in Canada.

If Mr. Martyn finds me 'as disappointing as the Toronto Gallery's French show this year', I can only say that I deem it an unqualified honor to be compared with such magnificent 'disappointments' as Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, and other noble luminaries.

Mr. Martyn is pleased to contradict himself. He laments the lack of academic influence in one breath, while in another he 'delegates' my work to the 'ancien régime'. He seeks to explain my discrepancies by attributing them to the influence of Impressionism, but he bemoans the lack of any special school of influence in my work! I wonder if Mr. Martyn himself knows what he is trying to say!

'Messages are very dangerous to art.' Yes, Mr. Martyn, but the ill-equipped and obtuse critic who insists on 'messages' in art, is infinitely more dangerous.

LILY FREIMAN.

Montreal.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

THE NEW DEAL IN CANADA, by Major Eric Harris (Ryerson Press; pp. vi, 139; \$1.25).

GENERAL

CIVITAS DEI, by Lionel Curtis (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxiii, 297; \$3.65).

SONNETS POUR HELENE, by Pierre de Ronsard, with English renderings by Humbert Wolfe (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxviii, 291; \$3.00).

BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS, Proceedings of the First Unofficial Conference at Toronto, edited by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford University Press; pp. xiv, 235; 10/6).

THE STATE AND ECONOMIC LIFE, League of Nations Sixth International Studies Conference (Institute of Intellectual Co-operation; pp. xviii, 422; 15/-).

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1819-1821, edited by H. J. Grierson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xvi, 512; \$6.25).

SHORT STORIES, by Bernard Shaw (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vii, 305; \$2.50).

A HISTORY OF BOLSHEVISM, by Arthur Rosenberg (Oxford University Press; pp. viii, 250; \$3.75).

PRINCIPLES OF FOREIGN TRADE, by C. E. Griffin (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 476; \$3.25).

TWO WAYS OF THINKING, by the Rt. Hon. Lord MacMillan (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 45; \$0.70).

DEFY THE FOUL FIEND, by John Collier (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 366; \$2.25).

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Any of the volumes in **EVERYMAN'S** may be had for 60c (excepting Reference books — 70c). A new descriptive catalogue of the first nine hundred volumes will be sent free, on request, to anyone.

NO.
904

ST. IVES

by Robert Louis Stevenson

This work was written in 1893 and was laid aside six weeks before Stevenson's death, after he had completed the first thirty chapters. The course of the last six chapters was known and the delicate task of supplying them was entrusted to Sir Arthur Quiller Couch. Apart from its merits as a novel, it possesses great value as a picture of England, and Scotland, in the days of the Napoleonic Wars.

NO.
905

The Philosophical Writings of Leibniz

selected and translated
by Mary Morris

with an Introduction by C. R. Morris

Leibniz is admitted to have possessed the most comprehensive mind since Aristotle. By his work in politics, philosophy, science, theology, and history, he would have merited wide-spread fame in any one of those spheres.

This volume is divided into three sections. The first is the Philosophic System, the second The Development of his Philosophy represented in his correspondence, The New Essays and the Clark Papers, the third section contains a series of miscellaneous extracts not covered in the other sections. The introduction helps to clarify a good deal that might be difficult to understand in the basic idea of the Leibniz philosophical system.

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The Adelphi Library volumes are well bound in strong green cloth, easily carried in the pocket and set in a large size, clear type. As they are of light weight, they are very useful for taking on trips or holidays.

NO.
74

The SHADOW LINE

by Joseph Conrad

"The Shadow Line" represents passing youth and this story is slightly similar to Conrad's "Youth", at least in spirit. It is similar in that it gives one the feeling of a few days and nights being prolonged to an infinity of time, through which one passes as through an inferno, with madness very near at hand.

Like Conrad's other writing, this story is as inevitable as Life itself and as beautiful, with an elemental, often terrible, beauty that one cannot escape once the book is started, and that one is thankful to have experienced when it is finished.

NO.
73

Reflections on the DEATH of a Porcupine

by D. H. Lawrence

This volume contains seven of Lawrence's essays including "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine". The others are:—"The Novel", "The Crown", (of which Lawrence in a foreword says—"It says what I still believe. But it's no use for a five-minute lunch.") "Him With His Tail in His Mouth", "Blessed Are the Powerful", "Love Was Once a Little Boy", and "Aristocracy". The last is brief and shows how man, in losing touch with nature, is losing touch with Life itself. In Lawrence's vivid forceful way this is one of his best essays.

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